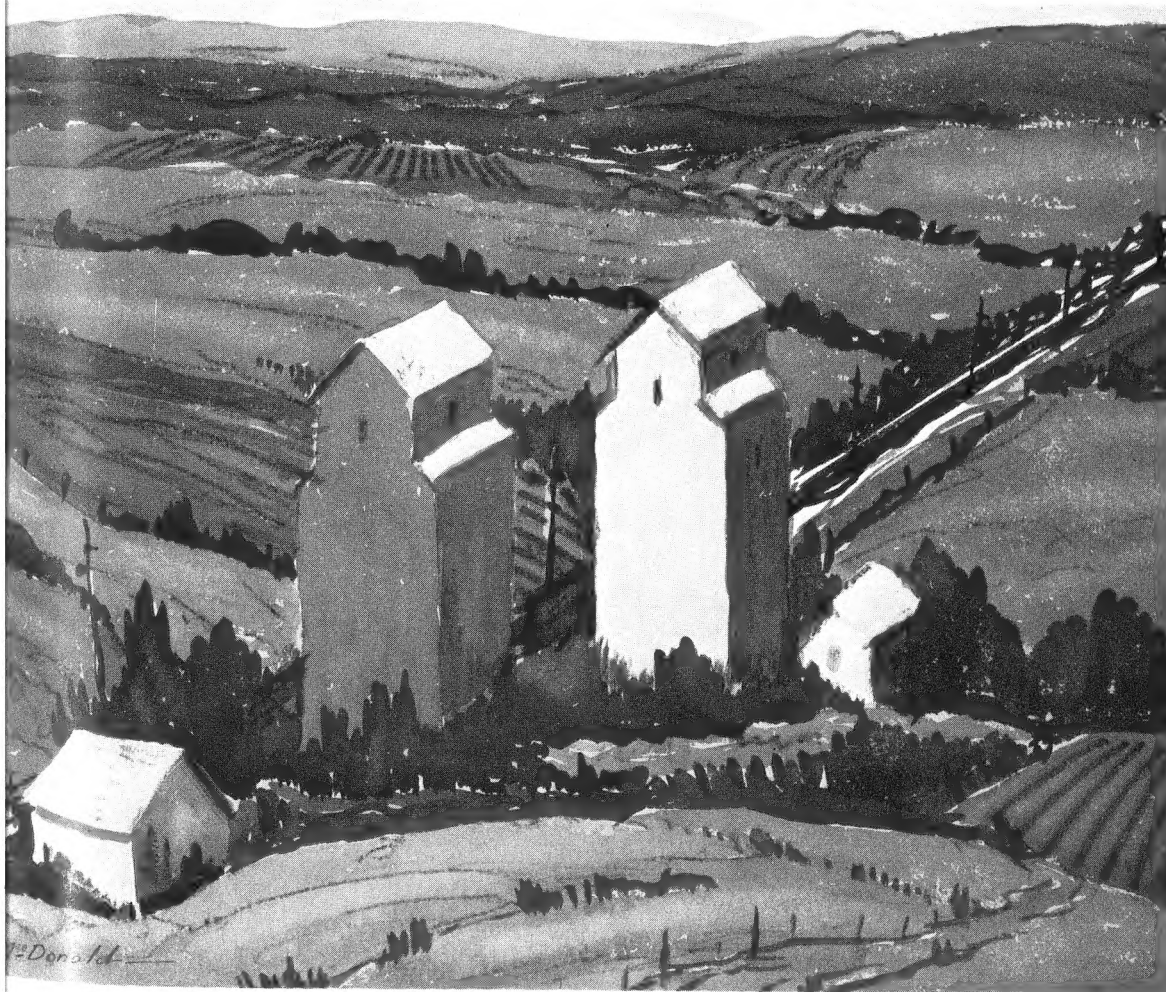


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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, FALL, 1952

VOLUME X

NUMBER 3

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The New Trail

A quarterly publication of the University of Alberta
and its Alumni Association

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The Editor's Page

● What About the Old Grads?

During the pleasant summer holiday season when people generally and graduates particularly perambulate about the campus in search of "what's new", many of them drop in to the alumni office to say hello, pay their alumni fees, inquire about classmates, or all of these.

We welcome these impromptu visits for it helps us keep a finger on the alumni pulse and abreast of what the general membership is thinking.

One fairly persistent observation made is that, "There isn't enough about the old grads in the Alumni Notes section of The New Trail."

There's no denying it.

In almost every issue, that portion dealing with alumni who graduated between 1912 and 1940 is almost non-existent. Somewhere along the line the news sources have shrivelled up completely or dried to a mere trickle.

At the time of the election of a new Chancellor to the University, the alumni office was accorded the privilege of enclosing along with the pertinent literature a questionnaire to all graduates for whom there were addresses, 9,000 in all. The response exceeded expectations. Some didn't remit fees but were enthused enough to complete a biographical sketch about themselves and return it to the alumni office. It was a news Bonanza at the time, but the recession has set in.

By contrast there is the "Roll Call of the Engineers" on the opposite page. While the phraseology, described by our correspondent D. Hugh Currie, is rather "different" and has many of the earmarks associated with the forty beer men, it's apparent that this relatively new segment of graduates are bent on retaining the esprit de corps they knew as classmates. If there are other such class publications your editor would be glad to know of them. In this way can be sure of including more data about the not so recent members of convocation.

If left to it, individually, graduates are reticent about publicizing their comings and goings.

There are others, happily in the minority, who would like to see the Alumni Notes section of The New Trail deleted entirely.

So you see, it's all a matter of choice.

* * *

● Alumni Homecoming—Varsity Guest Week-End.

February 27, 28—March 1, 1953

The benign looking gentleman sporting the checkered shirt and mortar board on page 123 is not representative of the true "type" of graduate turned out by the University of Alberta, nor is he an impostor. We are only tolerating him insofar as he serves to remind our readers that Alumni Homecoming has been called to coincide with Varsity Guest Week-End, February 27-28, and March 1, 1953.

Something interesting has been planned for everybody—spectacular science displays, an alumni ball in the new Tower ballroom of the Macdonald Hotel on the Friday evening, teas, inter-varsity basketball, plays, a chance to hear the renowned University Mixed Chorus, and all together every opportunity for getting together.

Tickets for the alumni ball, at \$5.00 per couple, will be available on request from the alumni office anytime after the turn of the New Year.

ROLL CALL OF THE ENGINEERS

(Chemical—Class of '48)

- Barrett, L. G.**—8908 76 Avenue, Edmonton.
Getting along in years, at 33, one offspring—a female, and is familiarly known as "Hey, you". He's an ass as he is working as a civil. Otherwise he's alive
- Blackburn, N.**—509 East Kennedy, Kingsville, Texas.
Still single. Has Tequila and other beverages for hobbies. Joke much too vulgar to repeat.
- Burnham, D. E.**—335 McLean Avenue, Cornwall, Ontario.
Must be a small town. I couldn't get the old application through but finally got a letter. Married as you all know, but additions of a boy 2, and a girl (he hoped) in July. Best of luck, C.I.L. man. Can you imagine 6 foot Burnham in an Austin?—He owns a '49.
- Cory, W. L.**—Jamaica Bauxites Ltd, Maudeville, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Boy, we're sure getting scattered. Still married and two kids. A teetotaler looking forward to Jamaica rum. Write him, fellows, he's liable to be lonesome.
- Clark, R. L. A.**—8 Pindi Place, Ralston, Alberta.
Married and two children according to latest wireless report. He says two bottles/day (of what—baby formula?).
- Dunn, J. S. C.**—11219 71 Avenue, Edmonton.
Yes, he finally got hooked and is building his house (almost in Leduc). Also possesses a car and lists one extra tax exemption. And Jim, you're not the only one wondering where in blazes is Juniata. Collected MS U of A.
- Grant, J. L.**—690 Shakespeare Street, Trail, B.C.
Can't seem to place Myra, Jim,—between Baden, beer and baseball, I hardly remember where the place is. Hope the Grant prodigy arrived safely and that he was named Ulysses S.
- Govier, G. W.**—11815 93 Avenue, Edmonton.
BS—U.B.C., MS—U.A., Ph.D.—U—Michigan. Married with two extra exemptions. Alcohol consumption listed 25 oz. Insufficient specification—fluid or Troy.
- Hauck, S. P.**—509 East Kennedy, Kingsville, Texas.
Single. Needs abacus to count grand-children.
- McDonnell, L. F.**—1131 Ninth Avenue, International Falls, Minnesota.
Just turned 18 (then he died but is still seen around his old haunts). He only owns one car and 10 lbs. ice purchased from Harry S. Truman, January 1, 1952, in return for releasing hold on a Commie. Still can't read my foot writing. Drops me a postcard from my home town and is in too much of a hurry to stop and say hello.
- McEachern, D. J.**—Devon, Alta.
Still single. Hobbies—golf and curling.
- Metzner, A. B.**—41 Magnolia Avenue, Arlington, New Jersey.
Married. Two brats. Pronounces ZED as ZEE. Ms—he is too smart—just skipped this Ph.D. (O!!! NO). S.C.D. at MIT. Really a busy boy. Wrote two pages plus application, but Grant wrote three. And he has kindly consented to do this next year. Please forward any and all address changes to him. Another guy that comes within a few miles and won't stop in to see a fellow.
- Nickoloff, G. D.**—334 Ninth Avenue N.E., Calgary.
Married and one child. Apparently carries baby sitting to excess. Free tips (for a price) on oil stocks. Sorry I have been too busy to write, George.
- Phillips, R. S.**—6802 112 Street, Edmonton.
Got married and has two kids. Him and Nick have both gone petroleum—Mac always was steadily purchasing a home and ruining company car. Radford will never hear about your bostick stapler, Roy—he doesn't get a copy.
- Reynolds, Bob**—506 W. Kleberg Avenue, Kingsville.
Married with one extra exemption. Considers Barrett, Burnham, etc., as other sports. Apparently a better sport himself than I had considered—says he came west but looks like south even to me.
- Sande, Bill**—168 Monck Avenue, St. Boniface, Man.
Still single and the only guy to worry about the author during the spring Muddy Mo flood. O.K. though, Bill—missed me by 150 miles.
- Taylor, James A.**—14717 01a Avenue, Romulus, Michigan.
Not any of the three addresses Leo gave. Still married. Two children. Open to professional suggestion (you can have my job, Doc). Permanently located with home and car.
- Walker, R. B.**—2926 West Third Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.
Has probably moved East, is married and listed .778 tax exemption as of May. Appears to be president in charge of vice for Reichhold Chemicals.
Just a few closing lines about myself. I've been married four years. Obtained my MS at Colorado and work for a plastics molding and fabricating outfit as production manager, development engineer, designer, estimator, and so on and so on. Work more hours than I sleep but not many. Possess a '49 De Soto with everything, and hope for two weeks vacation about Christmas time. Home is paid for and so is electric razor. Oh, yes, where in blazes is Juniata? Anybody knows where Omaha is? O.K. Go west to Lincoln—the capital, south-west from Lincoln to Hastings (Adams County Seat) and six miles west of Hastings is Juniata and slow down to 10 MPH or you'll miss it.
Good luck to you all, and be sure Metzner gets all details. Who knows, football may be renewed at the old Alma Mater, and in 1973 we might want a reunion at Alumni Homecoming—being the 25 year club. So let's really keep track of one another.

D. HUGH CURRIE, Box 164, Juniata, Nebraska.

On Teaching Dishonesty

BY F. M. SALTER

In the summer of 1952 at the University of Alberta twenty-four students out of a class of thirty-seven turned in dishonest work on a single assignment. Here is a sample, with the student's essay and the book he stole it from side by side:

Moody & Lovett, *History of English Literature*

Spenser's life was spent chiefly in three places, each of which left strong marks upon his character and work—Cambridge, London and Ireland. At Cambridge he found the learning of the Renaissance, especially the philosophy of Plato, which appears clearly in *The Faerie Queene* and in the "Hymns." Here also he came to know the literature of France and Italy

(A page is here omitted which the student summarizes.)

The moral seriousness which underlies the poem marks the great difference between *The Faerie Queene* and its Italian prototype

In details Spenser learned much from Ariosto. His prevailing difference is in the greater richness and elaboration of his style, of which the verse form of *The Faerie Queene*, the Spenserian stanza, is typical. Ariosto wrote in ottava rima, that is, in stanzas of eight lines rhyming thus: a, b, a, b, b, c, c. Spenser used a more complicated stanza of his own with rhymes arranged thus: a, b, a, b, b, c, c, b, c, c, the last line being an Alexandrine, or line of six feet.

The brilliancy of the invention is shown by the fact that it adapts itself readily to the different demands of narrative, descriptive and moral poetry; and that the poem sustains itself throughout its great length with so little effect of sameness.

The entire essay was stolen in this fashion. This student was unusual in that he gave at the end of his paper a list of references which included Moody & Lovett. The rest of his references were false: he borrowed nothing from the other books he listed. This student was thirty-two years old. He told me that he had never known before that there was anything wrong about stealing from books. Perhaps it is only a question of how gullible a man can be, but I believed him. Of the twenty-four dishonest papers in that set, thirteen were more dishonest in that they stole as freely, but listed no references.

Student's Essay

Edmund Spenser's life was spent chiefly in three places, each of which left strong marks upon his character and work,—Cambridge, London, and Ireland. While at Cambridge,

he came to know the literature of France and Italy, and it is to the influence of the latter that the *Faerie Queene* is due. He chose as the model for his great work the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, but it is the moral seriousness which underlies the poem which marks the difference between the *Faerie Queene* and its Italian prototype.

In details Spenser learned much from Ariosto, but his prevailing difference is in the greater richness and elaboration of his style, of which the verse form of the *Faerie Queene*, the Spenserian stanza, is typical. Ariosto wrote

in stanzas of eight lines rhyming thus: a b a b a b c c. Spenser, on this suggestion, built a more complicated stanza of his own with rhymes arranged thus, a b a b c b c c,

the last line being an Alexandrine, or line of six feet, while the rhythm of each of the other lines is iambic pentameter. The brilliancy of the invention is shown by the fact that it adapts itself readily to the different demands of narrative, descriptive, and moral poetry; and that the poem sustains itself throughout its great length with very little effect of sameness.

Professor Salter is head of the department of English at the University of Alberta. A former editor of *The Trail*, predecessor to *The New Trail*, he is also familiarly known to our readers as the originator and author of *Whiskeyjack* which appears in each issue.

The instructor was at fault. We all *know* that Freshmen will steal if they have the slightest opportunity to do so. Therefore it is departmental policy to assign topics, especially at the beginning, on which they can get no possible help from books. As time goes on and we get them instructed, we can actually suggest books which will help them: this is part of the orientation to University work which we consider to be part of the function of Freshman English. By the end of the year, first year students have learned how to use books, how to give proper references, how to acknowledge help received: they have learned how to be honest. But in that Summer School class, all of the students but two were *teachers*, and it never occurred to the instructor that teachers could be dishonest. The assignment, therefore, was not expressly designed to make cheating impossible.

There are many names for theft, legal and other, according to the manner in which one steals the goods of another person, and according to the kind of goods stolen. We have legal punishments for cattle-stealing, picking pockets, piracy, highway robbery, shop-lifting, burglary, embezzlement, abduction, and many other forms of theft. What Freshmen do not realize when they come to us is that words may be property, and that a man's words are protected by law, just as his household goods or his moneys are. We give them examples of infringement of copyright, and we instruct them in the proper methods of acknowledgement; and, so far as the Department of English is at present concerned—and, we believe, other departments—dishonesty in senior years is non-existent.

What sticks in one's craw in this affair is not that two thirds of a Freshman class should be dishonest, but that the students were almost all *teachers* in Alberta schools. By all that's mysterious, how do they instruct their pupils? And let us remember that only one in five of their pupils comes to the University to undergo our discipline and learn honesty. What about the rest?

At this point one rests gratefully upon the No-Transfer theory of education. That is to say, we may hope that a pupil may learn to steal words without thereby becoming a pickpocket or a highway robber. For there can be no doubt whatever that pupils in our schools are *taught* to steal words.

In high school, pupils in English classes are required to make reports on various subjects. They are directed to the school library or to an encyclopedia. They simply copy off what they find in print, and on the appointed day they stand up in class and read their reports. Does the teacher check to see that they have phrased everything in their own words? Does he make sure that quotation marks appear where they should? Does he require that the source be given for every statement of information that is not commonplace? Put yourself in the place of the teacher: he has, perhaps, 300 pupils. How long will it take him to make sure that they are entirely honest?

I can answer: it took me exactly 52 hours to run down all the dishonest essays in that Summer School set—and 52 hours is rather more than the established modern working week. Moreover, I have some experience in the use of a library and a great deal of experience in detecting plagiarism, so that I probably managed that job in half the time many persons would need. Obviously, I cannot accuse

a student of plagiarism unless I can prove it. Nor can the school teacher of English—not if he knows what is good for him!—any more than any citizen can afford to accuse his neighbor of highway robbery unless he has, and keeps in his own hands, the evidence. There are laws which protect the good name of people, and one must have proof before making an accusation or withholding a grade. But if it takes me 52 hours to get the evidence on a single assignment in a class of 37 students, what can the teacher do with 300 pupils? Is it not time that the world realized that the job of the teacher of English is altogether different from the job of other teachers, and took measures to lighten the load of the English teacher? As long as the load is not lightened, teachers of English are compelled to teach dishonesty. Every single thing we do in the class room *teaches*—and to accept dishonest work is both to discourage those pupils who have tried to do their own work and to encourage those who cribbed.

Plagiarism is perfectly easy to detect; it is hard to prove. Even a single phrase which does not belong to the writer will stand out. Here is an example:

Theodore Roosevelt was a sturdy-built man. He possessed rugged health and strength. He acquired his health only after years of strenuous gymnastic exercises and self-determination. He was a heavy-set man with a full face. He wore gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He had a moustache. He had an abundant sense of humor and loved fun and joking. His ready smile and contagious laugh made many friends. Roosevelt was a good deal of a boy. He had a boy's fresh faith that the things he did ought to be done. His unselfish loyalty and honest and fearless criticism always characterized the life and work of Theodore Roosevelt.

Obviously, this poor boy is a most unskilful writer, and he is echoing some book or article, but trying his best to be the architect of his own essay. But there is one phrase which is definitely not his own, and it sticks out like a sore finger: "A boy's fresh faith." The author was sixteen years old; how can a writer who is a boy himself, and no more awakened intellectually than he is, gain the detachment which inspires such a phrase? The phrase is stolen, and no question about it; but it is hardly worth making a fuss over. In any case, it is probably unconscious quotation, for it is perfectly obvious that the boy is struggling with his own recalcitrant brain and trying to write for himself.

The point I would like to make is that it takes a little practice, a little discernment, a little interest in the job to sense what is behind any given essay. The over-worked teacher cannot do it: the job becomes not a pleasure, but a grind; and without interest there is no discernment.

It may seem that this article is critical of the schools. It is not intended so. Practically all of the teachers in the schools *are graduates of the University*. When we criticize them, we criticize ourselves. And in days when we had Freshman classes of 100, and more, or even of 50, is it likely that any instructor was able to spend 52 hours checking a single set of essays, on top of the time he spent reading and correcting them? There is simply no telling how much dishonesty we have graduated in the last ten years. Besides, there is the novice instructor, all too freely used in universities, who cannot detect the small differences in style

which reveal dishonesty. The very sample I have just given—"a boy's fresh faith"—I have offered for inspection to junior instructors who found nothing wrong in it; and I have given pure encyclopedia style to novices who thought it Freshman work, because a few words were misspelled. Neither the University nor the schools can afford to deprive themselves of the services of experts in English; and neither the one nor the other can afford to overwork them.

Let us remember that the entire structure of education in all its forms and kinds rests upon the foundation of English. English, if nothing else, is the language of instruction; and in every course of studies students must use books. They must learn how to use them intelligently and honestly, how to get full value from the printed page, how to find necessary information, how to separate the wheat from the chaff. If the foundation crumbles, we can say goodbye to whatever is built upon it. And if there is widespread plagiarism, which is not so much dishonesty as stupidity or infantilism, we cannot say much for the foundation.

The No-Transfer theory of education to the contrary notwithstanding, surely there is some weakness of the moral fibre of the people when they fail to distinguish between mine and thine. We may agree that a plagiarist is not necessarily a pickpocket or a housebreaker—for that matter, a cattle-rustler is not necessarily a bank robber; but both are thieves. Surely when the people at large do not know that the coinage of a man's brain is as much his property as his automobile, and must not be stolen any more than we may steal the product of his factory, there must be some spiritual unwholesomeness somewhere, some lack of moral standards. But that two thirds of a class of teachers should be dishonest on a single assignment is surely shocking. In that summer class there were only two students whose honesty was never at any time in question—and these were two poor lads in Pharmacy who had failed in the winter and were repeating the course. They were glum lads at the beginning who thought they hadn't a chance, a belief that was close enough to the truth. But they did their own work and got through, one with flying colors. I cannot help believing that, even if they did fail in the winter, they gained great benefit from their winter instruction: they had learned that they could not improve their own skill in English by cribbing from others.

But the problem of the teacher remains: my thirty-seven did not include all of the teachers in Alberta; and University Freshmen represent a fifth of their Grade XII classes. Unless school boards are willing to put first things first, and create a differential in favor of the high school teacher of English, teachers will continue to flee from that subject as from a plague, and the foundation of the educational system will remain rotten.



WANTED!



2,000 "ALUMS"--

For Alumni Homecoming—Varsity Guest-Week-end,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

FEBRUARY 27, 28, MARCH 1, 1953

REWARD—

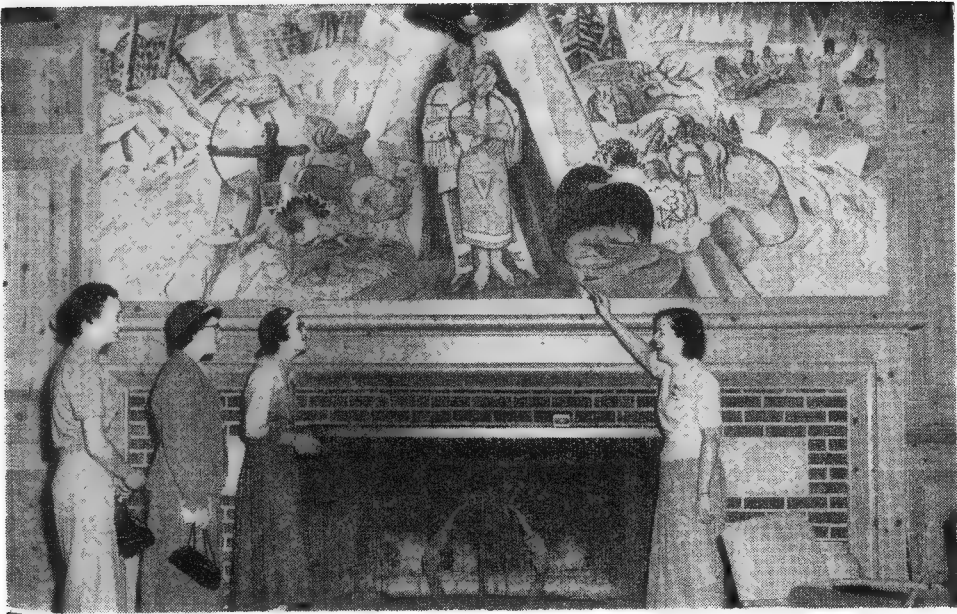
A memorable week-end for all who attend. Yes, you "Alums", we want YOU! Your hosts will be the resident Alumni executive and the students on the campus. A full program of entertainment has been arranged. Why not make this your year to renew old acquaintances.

Remember—the last two days in February, and the first in March.

- FRIDAY** — ●Science and other stimulating displays in main buildings all day. Intervarsity Basketball (U. of A. vs. U. of M.). Sock Dance.
●Alumni Ball in the new Tower Ballroom at the "Mac".
- SATURDAY**—●Displays all day. Wauneita Tea. Variety Show. Basketball Game. Plays. Square Dancing.
- SUNDAY** — ●Church Service in Con Hall.
●Musical Club Concert.

TO THE CLASS OF '28

This is your 25th anniversary year. We want especially "YOU" to return to your old "U". Start planning now.



When all the World was Burned

Cree Legend

The Crees tell you that the world was nearly destroyed by fire once, as well as by water. Only a man and his wife were saved. Before this the world had been full of people; and they had been very prosperous and rich, but also very wicked.

Only one young man among them thought seriously upon different things.

"The Great Spirit is going to burn this world because of its wickedness," he told the people over and over again.

But they laughed at him.

Then he told his wife; and she listened.

"Let us make a place that will be safe from the fire," she advised.

The young man did so. He went to the top of a big bare hill, where there were no trees to catch the blaze, and standing on the slope, he shot an arrow to the north, one to the south, one to the east, and another to the west. These arrows fell upon four corners of a plot of ground that would not burn.

The young man spent many days in telling the people that fire would come, and that the only place to be safe was in his plot of cleared ground. But they did not believe him, and continued to walk through the forests as usual.

At last it happened as the young man had said. The people could hear the fire coming with a great roar down the valleys. Most of them ran to the lake for safety; but the water became so hot that it boiled. Only a few animals succeeded in finding the cleared spot on which stood the young man and his wife, safe and sound.

After awhile the fire burned itself out. The man and woman were the only people left in the world, so they were master of all the other creatures. It was they who gave the animals their names, and told each one how to act, and how to get its living. They gave long hind legs to the rabbit, and told him he must hop. They gave webbed toes to the ducks, and threw them into the water.

Editor's note: This simple Cree legend appears in Mabel Burkholder's "Before The White Man Came", and provides a background for the mural, shown above, that was recently hung over the chimney breast of the Wauneta fireplace in the Students' Union Building

Commissioned by Mrs Helen Gibson '24, Medicine Hat, executed by H. G. Glyde, department of Fine Arts, this outstanding work was painted in casein on masonite. A priming coat to resemble the wall surface was applied and the subject was drawn in detail with charcoal, and lined with raw umber paint. Then a thin coat of casein was brushed on like water colour. When fully completed the colour was glazed with wax, varnish, and oil, thus

ensuring that it could be washed and polished with the wax giving a protective coating from smoke and soot.

On checking with the artist it was learned that many separate studies were made for different units in the mural, as the whole is a composite design telling three different stories leading up to the great fire. As a result the scale of the animals and people depicted are not photographically correct. This exaggeration had to be made to put across the desired symbolism.

It is interesting that the Indian costumes, in the main, were copied from those now on exhibit in the museum of the new Rutherford Library

President Receives Honorary Degree From Laval

Prominent figures in the world of diplomacy, learning and industry were honoured in September at the centennial celebrations of Laval University.

Canadian university officials honoured included Norman MacKenzie, president of the University of British Columbia; W A MacKintosh, vice-president and chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston; Dr. Andrew Stewart, president of the University of Alberta, and Dr. R. C Wallace, former principal of Queen's. Dr Wallace is a former University of Alberta president. He held the post for eight years, leaving in 1936 for Queen's

HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT YOUR UNIVERSITY

The University of Alberta was created by an act of the first session of the first legislature of the province in 1906, which set up the legal framework on which the institution could be constructed. An amendment to the act in 1907 authorized the lieutenant-governor-in-council to appoint a president, and the government availed itself of the opportunity to select Dr. Henry Marshall Tory, professor of mathematics at McGill University, who took office on January 1, 1908

Under the University Act all resident graduates of British and Canadian universities were entitled to become members of convocation by registering before a specified date, and three hundred and sixty-four persons availed themselves of this privilege.

FACULTIES AND SCHOOLS

A steady growth has been maintained in the various fields of academic and professional training at the University of Alberta. As of June 1, 1952, there were seven fully constituted faculties and five schools in operation.

Burning Their Bridges Behind Them

BY DON WILSON

There must have been all of three hundred people on the main street of our town the day the sewer and water line was officially opened. A lot of people thought the ceremony was going to be silly, but they turned out anyway. Others said it would be the most fitting ceremony anyone could imagine, and they wondered why no town had thought of it before.

Mayor Priscilla's stomach bobbed up and settled down again when he climbed up on the makeshift platform to speak. He looked as pleased as though he'd laid the pipe in that sewer line with his own fat hands. He was dressed in tuxedo, topcoat, with collar turned up against the cold, and top-hat. About twenty other men, including the council and other important persons of Whittley and nearby towns, were dressed the same way, and their wives wore long dresses. They had just come from a banquet in the fire-hall, in honor of the big day.

The ladies stood in a compact group on the sidewalk and the men clustered close together around the mayor on the street, as if they were afraid their fancy clothes would rub against someone in overalls in the larger crowd surrounding them.

Except for Frank Wharton, owner and editor of "The Whittley Bugle". He was dressed in tuxedo, too, for he'd been to the banquet, but he was down the street chewing the fat with a farm hand. That was Frank. Nothing uppish about him.

The mayor said the town would have had a sewer and water line years ago if the war hadn't come along. When the war ended, he said, the council hadn't wasted a minute in calling for bids. He bragged about the men who had made the job a success, and didn't forget to mention himself in an off-hand sort of way.

He talked enthusiastically about the ceremony the town was to witness, and used some mighty big words. He said the seven fires that were to be set down the middle of main street were symbolic. And when those fires were put out by water from the new line, "the new order would supersede the old". His voice was deep when he said: "The event is a historic occasion that will go down in gold letters in the annals of Whittley".

Another one of his flowery sentences was, "The ceremony marks the beginning of a new, progressive era for the town". He looked pretty serious when he said, "We should all make certain that in the future Whittley remains *foremost* in progressive."

This hilarious but near tragic bit of fiction, we learn from the author, can trace its origin to a true incident which occurred not too long ago in a small Alberta town. We would add the usual footnote, "Any similarity between names and places mentioned is purely coincidental". Don Wilson '48 has been active in the construction business since receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree, was a contributor to the student publication *Stet* while on the campus, and he and his good wife make drama their hobby. By the time this issue of *The New Trail* is off the press Don will have appeared in the Studio Theatre's first offering of the 1952-53 academic season, "She Stoops To Conquer".

He ended his speech by saying that since Terry McCoy had won the essay contest, "Progress in Western Canada," that he had sponsored in the eighth grade, it was to be Terry's privilege to set fire to the seven, uh, privies.

There was some clapping, then. A fellow came up and handed Terry a burning torch and he lit the kerosene on each of the privies, which were spaced about ten feet apart on the snow-packed street. Obviously, Terry was a little self-conscious, as though the mayor, when he gave him the ten dollar prize money in school, had made him promise to light the fires.

When the fires flared up, people in the crowd began asking each other why the walls had only been soaked with kerosene to a height of two feet. I knew why, and it was high politics.

The mayor and Rev. Samuel Ogilvie were standing close together in their elegant clothes, talking. Those two old humbugs were the cause of the fires being so small. A couple of days before they were in Priscilla's Hardware and I was on the other side of a stack of paint cans, where they didn't see me. Sam was telling the mayor that he wanted to have his out-house in the shindig, and at the same time he wanted to save some of the lumber from the fire, lumber being so expensive. Priscilla said he knew the way Sam felt about it.

He said the people who owned the other privies which were to be in the ceremony gave them to be burned, so they didn't care what happened to them. The Reverend said he figured the day would mean just as much if the fires were put out before they got big. Then a whole lot of lumber could be saved.

Now Priscilla looked at the burning outhouses and said, "Come election time, Sam, I hope people don't blame us on the council for having the builders do our services first. Naturally, it's only right that the leading citizens should get theirs right away. The contractors couldn't have done any more of them before freeze-up anyway. I mean, it would be selfish for people to say that because everyone can't progress this winter, no one should".

"Henry," Sam said, screwing up the muscles of his forehead and gazing in that sorrowful way of his at the sky above the burning backhouses, "in your speech at the banquet you used the word 'progress' several times. But progress has a far deeper meaning than the material sense in which it is used".

Then Sam worked himself up in great style, for everyone to hear. He said he figured that the mayor in his heart agreed with him "that progress does not deserve the name unless it is accompanied by spiritual, or moral, awareness." He sang out his last words like a bugle call: "True progress, like true wisdom, comes from direct religious experience with the source of all power. Yes, true progress is of the spirit".

At that moment, the stopper holding the door shut on the privy in the third fire fell into the flames, letting the door swing open, and revealing the interior. "Sam's privy," one of the big boys said, and he and his gang started laughing and shoving each other around.

Sam lowered his gaze from the sky for an instant, then raised it again, a frown deepening the furrows in his forehead. He beckoned shortly to Terry McCoy,

who walked slowly over to him. He bent down and spoke to Terry, and Terry went out to the privy and carefully closed the door, bracing it shut with a piece of wood.

Frank Wharton, who was still down the road a piece, said in a quiet voice that still seemed to carry quite a ways, "Sam should know about the source of all power. He sure keeps close enough to it in this town".

People who heard him laughed, for they knew darn well how Sam's son John had got the soft job of town engineer. One guy who heard but didn't laugh was Johnny himself. He was passing by with a spanner in his hand, on his way to the mayor. He just blinked through his horn-rimmed glasses at Frank, as if he thought maybe he'd heard wrong, then tripped over his left foot. A familiar sight.

"Everything all right, John?" the mayor asked.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, nodding in that sorrowful, important way common to his family. "I just turned the water on now at the tower."

"Then on she goes," cried the mayor, grabbing the spanner. "Stand back, folks, and watch our water line in action!" he shouted. Thirty feet away, two men held the nozzle of the thick hose, braced themselves, and pointed it at one of the fires. A hush fell over the crowd as Priscilla opened the hydrant valve.

A gallon of dirty water spilled from the hose mouth. Mayor Priscilla stared at the wet spot on the snow and gravel, and made gasping noises the same as the hose.

"What's wrong with the line?" he snapped at John when he could talk.

John's eyes slithered here and there as he mumbled, "Why, I—oh, my gosh—well, you just wait a few minutes". He walked stiffly away from the crowd and broke into a gallop.

"Where you going?" the mayor roared. John stopped in front of the Smart Style Shop, turned and opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again. He ran off at a pretty good clip for a fellow whose left foot kept fouling up his right.

Frank came up just as the mayor was telling everyone, "There can't be much wrong. The water's actually been on for several days since the line tested right."

"Oh, can't there?" Frank asked. "I saw a case like this once before. The water line was working fine for several days, then three or four bad leaks sprang in the line. That's likely what happened here".

"Couldn't the leaks be fixed right away?" the mayor croaked.

"Unfortunately, no," Frank replied. "In the summer you can tell where a pipe is leaking. The water comes straight to the surface of the ground. But in the case I'm speaking of, it was winter. Just like now. The ground was frozen. The contractor couldn't tell where the leaks were, and had to wait until spring before they could get the line operating".

Then Frank added, grinning with enjoyment as he watched the mayor's face, "The sewer line depends on the water line, you know. So it seems that these outhouses are not yet obsolete".

Mayor Priscilla looked at the flames now crackling halfway up the sides of his privy. His mouth hung open and his eyes bulged. Beside him, Sam looked just as horrified as he gazed at his outhouse. Several men in that group of swells shifted uneasily as they looked at one or another of the fires.

What Frank said was being repeated through the crowd. The young fellows were hooting and horsing around. One of them hollered, "We've been swindled! Let's string up the damn contractors". But none of the contracting firm were present, although an invitation had been sent to them. People were saying the whole thing looked fishy.

"Well, they better get that line fixed!" declared Stan Burr, who had given up trying to keep order among the older boys. Old granite voice was our grocer. He'd been a mountie and never could forget it.

"It's all right to have a well-worn path between neighbors", he grumbled, "but a fellow's got to draw the line somewhere with this lending". Stan was the mayor's closest neighbor, and obviously was looking to the future.

Mayor Priscilla suddenly swung around on the crowd. "Those fires are liable to spread!" he yelled.

"You're right!" Sam exclaimed, his voice ringing out like when he was preaching. "The fires are a menace!"

He darted over to Dan Bailey, the fire-chief, and clutched him by the jacket. "You've got to get the fires out. Call the volunteer brigade."

But old Dan didn't even lose a puff on his pipe. "There's no danger," he said mildly. "These fires can't possibly spread". He was the town undertaker, and no one had ever seen him get excited.

Sam's eyes gleamed wildly as he turned to the crowd and shouted, "Man the fire-fighting apparatus! The fire-chief is irresponsible!"

People just laughed at him. Bert Chiffey, the butcher, called out, "Don't get excited, Sam. That ain't hell-fire".

Sam and the mayor went into a huddle, and then the mayor walked toward the chief. His face was red, but he kept his voice real friendly as he said, "Well, uh, it looks like our sewer and water line doesn't work. I guess we'll have to put out the fires with water from the town pump, since these buildings are not obsolete after all". He forced a hollow laugh.

"Waterline's probably all right. Anyway," said the chief, smiling sarcastically, "if there's something wrong, your town engineer will fix it in no time".

"You senile old fool!" the mayor bellowed. The chief poked into his pipe with his jackknife and tried to hide his amusement. The mayor rounded on the crowd pugnaciously. But people just grinned as though they hadn't had so much fun since the rodeo, when Priscilla, arguing with the three judges about one of their verdicts, didn't realize the wild cow milking competition had started, and almost got "roped in" himself.

About five minutes after he'd called the fire-chief a senile old fool, Mayor Priscilla came tearing around the corner of his hardware store to his burning privy with a pail of water in each hand. When he threw water on the flames, the

crowd cheered. He had paid two young fellows to help him, and Stan Burr had volunteered, and now and then when one of them dawdled the mayor roared at him. He had taken off his coat. His tuxedo was wet and smudged with dirt; the stiff collar of his shirt was flapping in the breeze. His face was red and shiny with perspiration.

Sam moved more slowly, his pails of water almost anchoring him at each step. Yet he held his head high, as though his thoughts were dignified. Even when he pelted around the corner of the store square into the mayor, so they both went head over heels and spilled their water, he wasn't ruffled. The mayor sat on the ground bawling like a madman. Sam rose gracefully and loped around the corner without even asking about the mayor's health.

Some other people started to help when they saw how bad the mayor and Sam wanted to save their privies. Others were busy trying to save their own, adding to the confusion on main street and the merriment of the crowd on the side-lines. Some people said it was all darn nonsense, that there was nothing wrong with the water line anyway. Others said the council was just getting what they deserved, for various reasons.

Suddenly the big hose came to life. Yes, sir, a four-inch stream of water shot from its nozzle and it twisted around like a snake. Everybody yelled, and two men grabbed the nozzle and tried to squirt water at the nearest fire. But it twisted right out of their hands and got away. Mayor Priscilla got the whole squirt right in the face, and it knocked him flat. Men in topcoats ran in all directions and bumped into each other. Oh, they didn't look so elegant then! Sam got his share, and he used the same words he did in the pulpit, only differently.

Mayor Priscilla sat in the snow like a fat teddy-bear, sputtering and gasping. He squeezed his eyes shut for all he was worth to get the water out. He rolled on his stomach to get his feet and hands under him, reared his great big seat in the air, and heaved himself up, grunting and snorting. He gave one bellowing sort of "whoosh" that came from deep down, and then lumbered up the street like a mad bull. The kids around could hardly stand up from laughing at him, and some adults were in the same shape.

And then, who should hop out of a truck that had stopped in front of the fire-hall but young John Ogilvie. He gaped in surprise at the mayor, all covered with mud and water, coming to meet him.

"There was nothing really wrong," he said, trying to act off-hand. "I just turned the valve the wrong way, that's all". He laughed tolerantly at his little mistake.

"Town engineer! You!" the mayor roared, so mad he was almost bawling. He smacked Johnny and knocked him end over end. He took off for home then without even looking for his wife, which was just as well, for she had left some time before, a few steps behind Mrs. Ogilvie. The whole town laughed him out of sight.

The next day "The Bugle" came out with a full account of the fire. We learned later that Mayor Priscilla and Sam Ogilvie wanted to sue Frank Wharton

because of the pictures he'd put in his paper. But their lawyer told them it wouldn't stick.

The first of the pictures showed the mayor, Sam and the other bigwigs in their dinner clothes, staring horror-stricken. Beneath were the words, "Leading citizens of Whitley watch their bridges burn behind them". The second was of the mayor standing beside his fire with two pails of water, his hair hanging down over his eyes and his collar flapping in the breeze. He was watching his privy burn, and he was the unhappiest looking man you ever saw. Under the picture was: "Foremost in progress? Priscilla's Hardware has the latest model in fire extinguishers".

The last picture showed Sam, almost collapsing beneath the weight of two pails of water. His face, uplifted to the sky, still was dignified and calm. Beneath were the words, "But true progress is of the spirit."

Births

- CUYLER—To **Mr. E. J. (Jack) Cuyler** '46 and Mrs. Cuyler, a son, James Paul, born April 17th, 1952, at Montreal.
- DUBLANKO—Born to **Mr. Tofen Dublanko** '50 and Mrs. Dublanko, on June 4th, David Aubrey, their first child.
- NATTRESS—To **Dr. J. R. Nattress** '47 and **Mrs. Nattress (nee Marjorie James)** '50 a son, John Walter, born July 4, 1952
- PROCTOR—Born to **Mr. Gordon Proctor** '47 and **Mrs. Proctor (nee Jean Campbell)** '48, a daughter, on Sept. 7, at Toronto.
- CLARK—To **Mr. George Donald Clark** '50 and Mrs. Clark, a daughter, Janice Lynn, on October 4, 1952.

Recent Marriages

Victor E. Bohme '50 to Catherine Joan Yukes.
Robert Stanley Chapman '50 to Eileen Verna Handford.
 Thomas Lee Day to **Doris Helen Kerr** '46
Milton Fuglem '52 to **Hope Christensen** '51.
Robert Stanton Geddes '51 to **Sibyl Louise Niblock** '51.
Dr. Francis G. Gore-Hickman '48 to Luella M. Bright.
Keith Johnstone '48 to **Kathleen Lillian Black** '50.
B. A. Nahorniak '52 to Jennie Bozowski.
Roderick J. McAlpine '48 to Bonnie Bowman.
 M. Burton Margolus to **Eva Heifetz** '44.
Edward G. Hole '52 to Lois Veregin.
Morris H. Finlayson '50 to **Josephine J. Rich** '51.
 Clue Milton to **Edna Alicia Patrick** '39.
Dr. Lionel Everett McLeod '51 to **Barbara Ann Lipsey** '52
 John Paul Marshall to **Corinne E. Fraser** '49.
 George A. Lucy to **Marion Moss** '45.

Deaths

Associate professor of education at the Calgary branch of the University, **Dr. George Kennedy Sheane** '15, died at his home in Calgary recently.

The president of the Drumheller branch of the Alumni Association, **Mr. J. Fred Watkin** '34 died on September 25th, after a very brief illness.

FO. **David W. "Bill" Laubman** '51 was killed recently while flying a Sabre jet aircraft on the St. Lawrence seaway. According to reports from Chatham, N.B., where Laubman was stationed, he was on a routine training flight when the plane crashed.

A Vanishing Art

In this assembly line age of mass production, cheaper goods, and flimsy covers the meticulous art of book-binding, as it was originally known, is almost as extinct as the dodo.

That's why it's particularly interesting talking "shop" with Ernest Pywell, a mastercraftsman in the business, who still finds time along with his regular duties at the University Printing department to dabble in a bit of oil painting and woodwork by way of perfecting his technique.

A total of 46 years spent in the book-binding trade has made a modest man of Ernie. He's quick to acknowledge that there is still a lot to be learned about the craft and welcomes the challenge that each new book cover offers.

Born in Leicester, England, Ernie had his mind made up about a career at the age of thirteen and proceeded to the Yates Bookbindery where he apprenticed for seven years studying all the basic aspects of the book-binding trade. The more advanced classical work in inlaid leather and fancy tooling came later through the City and Guilds of London Institute which is still in business. It was at this venerable institution that the young Pywell learned of the historical development of book-binding with its origin away back in the 4th century A.D. when the volumes of the day were known as gospels, missals, and books of hours.

At the end of World War 1, Ernie took his discharge and settled down to a foreman's chores at the Gibbons Publishing Company in Leicester, that was until 1921 when he set sail for Canada.

Since joining the staff of the University Printing department in 1940 one of his major tasks has been to keep the library books in the best wearable condition possible. A steady progression of texts and valuable editions pass through his hands constantly, shop worn and tattered when they are selected for overhauling but fresh and presenting a bright new face to the world when next pressed into service.

Book-binding is an exhausting business, demanding much of time and painstaking labour. The expert's most valuable assets are keen eyes and steady hands. Coupled with these are the attributes of touch and "know how". The craftsman working with gold and gold alloys must know instinctively how much heat and pressure to apply, while conscious that an improper breath at the crucial moment would whisk the gold leaf away. Each tiny letter, spray, rosette, and spray of berries requires the utmost application and planning.

To turn out first class work the expert must have imagination and be something of an artist. Conjuring up new designs is one of the most attractive features of the trade for it offers unlimited scope for self expression.

A tribute to the quality of Ernie's work dates back to his early apprenticeship in England. It was after fashioning a "book" exhibit in South Kensington that he was awarded a special prize by Sangorsky and Sutcliffe of London, rated the foremost book-binders and finishers of the Old World. For the young layman this was one of the greatest thrills to come his way.

**At Work****The Finished Product**

All craftsmen have their forte or specialty which intrigues them most and which nearly always reflects their best endeavours. For Ernie it's creating his own designs and inlay leather work. A visit to his home is testimony to this. Row upon row of elaborately filled book-shelves speak well of his handiwork.

The world wide eclipse of his chosen profession is an irksome thing to Ernie. However, there's no doubt, that as long as books for repair come his way, all the knowledge and skill at his command will be endowed with them.

—The Editor.

DID YOU KNOW?

That the first classes at the University of Alberta began on September 23, 1908, with a total registration of 45 students.

AWAY BACK WHEN

From 1908 to 1911 University classes were conducted in rented premises, first, a portion of the Duggan Street (Queen Alexandra) public school, afterwards, a part of the Strathcona high school, and it was in the latter that the first graduation exercises were held on May 16, 1911.

The Vision Splendid

BY DR. E. P. SCARLETT

Address to Convocation for the Installation
of the Chancellor
University of Alberta, October 31st, 1952

Your Honour, Mr. Premier, Mr. President, Members of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Some weeks ago on the occasion of my first public duty in this office, by a happy dispensation I appeared before a theatre curtain behind which were impatiently imprisoned the perennial fantasy and charm of Sir James Barrie's play *Peter Pan*. I suspect that the audience felt that I was one of the tiresome adults of the play who somehow had wandered through the curtain. In any event they tolerated me, the ceremony went off and the audience promptly forgot me in the captivating business of the play. Today I have no such fortune. I have no fairies behind me. I fail to see any one who would fit the role of Captain Hook. But if unattended by fairies I *am* surrounded by academic pomp and circumstance and, I venture to believe, in the presence of a cloud of witnesses—the spirits of the great company of graduates of this University.

My first duty must be to thank the members of Convocation for having given me the high privilege of serving the University in this honourable office. The function of the Chancellor of a University representing the society and continuing congregation of graduates is to maintain truth and virtue, and I can only pray that in time I may bring to this task a small measure of wisdom and integrity. I am heartened in that resolve by the example of the devoted body of teachers in this University to whom I owe so much in friendship and professional advice, by the loyalty and goodwill of the members of our governing body and by the imaginative co-operation of the permanent officers of the University administration. I am further encouraged by the realization that I am to act out my part under the exacting eyes of two Scots, stern defenders of academic integrity—the able Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Macleod, and the wise and indefatigable President of the University, Doctor Stewart. It is also my good fortune to have the inspiration and example of my gay, youthful and irrepressible predecessor in this office, Doctor McNally. Possessing those intangible assets forged by his Maritime origin, with a mind always lively and at ease, Doctor McNally has served with distinction the cause of higher education in this country and deserves well of the University and the wider community which it serves.

My high resolve in this office is tempered and deepened by certain personal reflections. May I say to you that I am largely what I am by virtue of academic associations. Reared by my father in the tradition of his Alma Mater—Victoria College—it is my privilege to be an alumnus of two universities, to have taught in

another, to have been married in a university chapel by a university Chancellor to a wife whom I first met in a university residence. In the course of time as a physician living among the Philistines, it is natural that I should have come to regard the University world with a measure of wistful preoccupation, and you will thus understand that I rejoice in the circumstance which has brought me back into the intimate circle of university life.

Reflections of this sort have their penalties too. At this moment I am haunted by the memory of the sublime bearded Chancellors of my youth—Archbishop Matheson of Manitoba and Sir William Mulock of Toronto. These beings reminded me of William Blake's paintings of Old Testament patriarchs or of archangels. As I knelt before them in my timorous youth I felt as if I were about to be snatched up in the chariot of Elijah—a sensation entirely appropriate to a graduation occasion. I might be intimidated by this reflection were it not that behind those towering figures of memory I see, pressing forward, the shades of my teachers and masters who taught me by example that man should seek truth and find his heart's desire in that search. These thronging figures give me new confidence. Secure in the supreme values by which they lived I may stand in this place proudly but humbly, not "an impertinent waif of destiny", but a witness to the academic faith. In all charity you will expect little more from me for I have no expert knowledge of educational affairs. Besides I am but newly fledged and as a Chancellor I am only a few minutes old! In this state of innocence I am laying hold of one word of counsel which I have already received and acting in its spirit. A friend who has succeeded more than most in keeping open his communications with silence has suggested that the one real duty of the Chancellor should be to read to his Senate once a year the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Job. You will remember that it delivers the searching question in accents of sublime poetry:

"Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the
place of understanding?"

and there follows the antiphonal answer:

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,
and to depart from evil is understanding."

That is the poet's vision of education and it is in the light of that vision that I venture to say a few words at this time.

* * * * *

Our business is education; our immediate concern the place of the university in the modern world. The great educational debate goes on—surely a reassuring sign—and we are apt to be confused by the sound of many voices. The difficulties that confront us in setting a course are staggering. Ours is a "time of troubles", a world of crisis and danger. "The years like great black oxen tread the world." Values are confused. The distracting elements of modern life coupled with the black art of publicity assail us pitilessly. The curse of size and numbers stifles quality and provides false standards. So much are we under the domination of size that one has the utmost sympathy with the little old lady who felt convinced that two and two made four, but never dared say so because on reflection it seemed such a

small number. All these elements of civilization in travail have appeared in the educational scene and in part are reflected in current dilemmas variously termed as science versus the humanities, vocational versus liberal education, traditional education versus progressive education.

We see all these things—but we only see them in their real dimensions and in their searching significance if we view them in the light of the spectacle of evil abroad in the world that it has been the destiny of our generation to experience. Surely the soul of every sensitive man and woman has been seared by the contemporary revolt against culture, the colossal inhumanity which makes a mockery of all high ideals, the betrayal of the decencies of life, the pogrom against all creative minds, the inquisition that dwarfs those of the past. As witness of this new barbarism there stretch gigantic cemeteries under the moon full of the victims of this awful pestilence.

Confronted with these things it is the business of education to concern itself with something more than matters of buildings and salaries and "the three R's." It must oppose the Enemy with the principles and works of a great faith. All true education looks toward the eternities. It must deepen the currents of our great heritage which at the moment are running through beds that are pitifully shallow. It must proclaim the *religio grammatici*, the faith of the scholar. It must concern itself with the good life which has to do, first of all, not with institutions, but with the human being himself. We in university circles must set up again the true idea of the nature of a university—that it is not a superior kind of school, not an institution, but a society in which professors and lecturers are older and more experienced fellow-members. Above all the university in its dual task of teaching and research must be true to its age-old duty of asserting the symbols of truth and beauty, for only in that way will the great split between knowledge and morality be healed and the de-civilising influences abroad in the world be checked.

In particular we must look to our universities to combat the disease of uprootedness which exists in such a painful degree on this continent as well as in Europe and the East. In this task we must look to those historical peaks of the living past which can still be seen above the surface of a submerged world. In these rallying points are our treasures and weapons stored up from the past and waiting for our hands to re-create and use them once again.

In all these things it is the business of a university to develop disciplines which are capable of interpreting life in a broad and profound dimension. We must tell our students that it is a delusion and a betrayal of man to suppose that a human being is merely the product of social forces, that what he needs is a better social conditioning in his economic group and that Utopia will be here if in some way we balance production and distribution. We must not fall into the modern heresy of reading the book of life outside of the context of human nature. For the truth is that human nature today is not too different from that of Abraham when he sat in the door of his tent with the dust in his face.

I hope that you will not suppose that in what I am saying I am indulging in the sound and fury of rhetorical abstractions. I am trying to state, however inadequately,

profound realities as they touch the spirit of man at this moment.. And I conceive of the university as playing the great part of bulwark against the new barbarism. We men of science and letters within the university world are the heirs of Western Christian civilization. All that we stand for is rooted in a moral attitude from which we secede at peril of our humanity and our future. For the sake of all that matters in time we must keep that heritage alive and strengthen it.

* * * * *

I have spoken so far in vain if it is not now apparent to you why it is so desperately important that the humanities should occupy a more vital place in the teaching of every branch of university work. That is only another way of saying that we must return to the older concepts of a liberal education. These must be incorporated into the fabric of the training for the professions and be part of the disciplines of the teaching of the physical and applied sciences. I think that we are nearer than we realize to such a synthesis. We have mercifully passed through the stage in which the great debate in this matter was clouded by a passion for trivia. The multitude of studies and the great deluge of facts with which education has concerned itself have produced little more than intellectual shortwindedness. We are realizing that science itself, to say nothing of our culture and our academic life, has suffered by cutting the tap roots linking us with the humanities—history, literature, art, philosophy.

We now see that science alone cannot give meaning to our life, that science by itself is not culture though it is an essential part of culture. And at the moment it is immensely significant to note that, as in Professor A. V. Hill's recent presidential address to the British Association, it is the scientist who most clearly perceives the impasse we have reached, deplors the "sinfulness" of so many human purposes and activities, and is pleading for a unity of outlook and a means of coping with the perversion of our knowledge to unworthy and tragic ends. It is here that the disciplines of the humanities with their ethical content serve to right the balance. They maintain the level of the mind and assert the personal responsibility and dignity of man as an individual.

I do not possess the experience or wisdom to tell you how this merging of the two orders is to be brought about. I do know that simply adding one or two subjects from the liberal arts curriculum to the course in engineering or medicine will not succeed. The student in his island universe of professional training will usually not be interested in such a cultural appendage lacking any real integration. The approach would seem to be rather through combining the technical training with courses setting out the effects for good or evil of the techniques in question. This could be accomplished through a course on the history of science presented in an imaginative way, through what one might call a course designed to present the broad effects of science and machinery on man, thus providing the vocational student with a frame of reference in human terms. I can only hint at such matters, but I believe that our modern scientific and technical education can best be liberalized in terms of human affairs. With this as a starting point it will be easier for the disciplines and values of literature and philosophy to be perceived and have their corrective and

life-giving effect. In this task it is imperative that the university, the ultimate guardian of true education, not give ground or weaken its fabric by catering to the pressures of high school and secondary education which in the face of current difficulties are tending to dilute knowledge and reduce education to a tabloid business governed by the lowest common denominator.

* * * * *

In this mission—the supreme task of every university at the present time—we must do more than adopt a posture of hope. We must combat the prevailing feeling of an age haunted by disillusion and fear. But we need more—we need vision (I can find no better word for it)—that vision rooted in faith which proclaims that the ideas and aspirations of man are still the great driving forces of our race. It is the vision expressed by the patron saint of medical letters, Sir Thomas Browne, in these words: “There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun.” In accents pertinent to education this ideal has been best expressed and translated into practical terms by Whitehead in what I believe is the great basic truth—that moral education is impossible apart from the habitual vision of greatness. These to me are the rallying and the operative words provide the way. Ignorance can never be raised to knowledge or to an fairly well the present pattern of our university world and are conscious that something is missing. We feel that somehow neither organized religion nor science can go it alone. Research will look after itself. Vocational and professional courses must be accepted. But the *climate* of intellectual life must be changed. Whitehead’s words provide the way. Ignorance can never be raised to knowledge or to an appreciation of beauty by the second-rate. No one ever got to a mountain top by the path of mediocrity. The student must have more than facts. He must be helped to acquire sensibility of mind, receptiveness to beauty, tolerance and balance and humane feeling. These will be made the more possible in a practical way by increasing our facilities for students to live in residence, by presenting technological training within a wider framework, by more personal contact between the student and his teachers.

In the spirit of this ideal the university must more than ever be the mother of the arts. For in these days the arts act as an antidote against our present troubles and are a support to our common humanity. They are the hope of civilization against the bastard and levelling influence of trivial commercialized radio, cheap motion pictures and yellow journalism. As Matthew Arnold once said in a letter to his friend, Clough: “The complaining millions want something to animate and ennoble them—not merely add zest to their melancholy or grace to their dreams.”

This vision of greatness must be opposed to the modern low versions of man in which he, a frustrated creature, is seen as a Freudian, Marxist, or totalitarian puppet. It will rise above the cynicism and astringent irony of the host of modern writers and thinkers whose attitude is best conveyed in a remark ascribed to an Irish preacher: “And God saw that the world was good—and God was partly right.” It will serve to correct the prevailing low-spirited mood of so many of our modern leaders and intellectuals—angry, disillusioned and pessimistic creatures who see

man as little more than "fear in a handful of dust" and can do nothing in the face of our discontents but bewail our lot and

"press an anxious ear against the keyhole
To hear the Future breathing."

In terms of this vision of greatness our students will learn that education is much more than the best means of improving one's earning power and the best way of improving one's social status (a current belief that is distressingly prevalent). True education based as it is on difficulties surmounted and not on information painlessly acquired is a way of life, a thing of the spirit, an end in itself.

* * * * *

So far I have spoken but as I know. And now I should like to speak from a deeper level than that over which pure reason presides, and to you as individuals reared in the academic faith. Many years ago, like you, I sat in university halls in a company of fine spirits and great masters. I learned a creed and a way of life which have endured with the years. To translate these things into words is difficult—I have always thought of them as part of the *vision splendid*, the one great gift which the university can give its sons and daughters. In the light of that vision which for each of us forever retains something of the high sunrise of youth one attained to Faith, a faith in a universe not measured by our fears; one found Courage, a resolution that we "must not let our swords sleep in our hands"; one acquired Loyalty, the deep wisdom that in the true university can be the anchorage of our hearts. We came to see that life is infinitely a greater thing than our tired moralists or our dogmatic intellectuals have perceived and that only the poets and the prophets see it in its true dimensions. By the grace of that vision we have avoided that nemesis of life too common in these days.

He gave them their heart's desire but sent
leanness withal into their souls.

Some years ago Mr. A. C. Benson, that great university don of blessed memory, wrote of these things in a parable. There is, he said, in life a great and guarded city to which through effort and sincerity of spirit we may learn the way and one day enter its walls. The city is known by many names and its radiant spires and towers bear different aspects to different hearts. Men find it by different roads—and one road is that of scholarship and the university way of life. Those who have found the way and come to rest in the glory of that city will understand. For there they are not subject to the accidents of mortality but have allies beyond time. And "one thing is certain—that no one who has entered the city is ever in any doubt again. He may wander far from the walls, he may visit it but rarely, but it stands there in peace and glory, the one true and real thing for him in mortal time and whatever lies beyond."

In this faith and assurance may I express the hope that under the providence of God this University may continue to illuminate the path to that city and maintain a worthy place in the great tradition of learning and humanity.





Fall

November

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Reading from left to right, top to bottom. Dr. Earle P. Scarlett, Calgary, assumed his duties after being installed in office by Hon. J. J. Bowlen, lieutenant-governor of Alberta (left in photo) after opening at ceremonies on the campus convocation morning. Mrs. McEachern unveiled a plaque, governors, left, and Dr. Andrew Stewart, president of the University, looked on. Following this S. Noble, Nableford, in recognition of his outstanding contribution to agricultural progress in the province.

Chief Justice G. B. O'Connor, and H. R. Milner, prominent Edmonton businessman, receiving the degree on the Chief Justice (left photo) and Mr. Milner, who delivered the convocation address.



CONVOCATION

1, 1952



as Chancellor of the University on the day prior to Fall convocation. He is shown shortly
 A modern cancer research laboratory honouring the late Dr. John S. McEachern was
 bearing her husband's name, while C. M. Macleod, chairman of the University board of
 installation of Chancellor Scarlett, an honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred on Charles
 tern Canada.

honorary doctorates of law at Fall convocation ceremonies. Dr. Scarlett is shown conferring
 address, at the right.

Report of the President to Convocation

November 1, 1952

BY ANDREW STEWART

At each of the Fall Convocations in 1950 and 1951 I had to report a decline in the number of students registered in the first year, i.e. entering the University for the first time. Graduation of student veterans and the decline in civilian enrolments in the first year presaged a continuous decline in total student numbers and in the number of students graduating each year. In view of the anticipated expanding demand for the services of technically and professionally educated persons in Alberta, the expected reduction in the flow of graduates from the Provincial University was to be regretted. It is therefore gratifying to report some increase in registrations for 1952-53.

As at October 22 the number of full-time students was 3,348, an increase of 133 over 1951-52. The principal factor in the small expansion is an increase of 88 students in the first year. First year registrations are up moderately in most programs of studies. There is a large increase—from 141 to 206—in freshman registration in Engineering. Education is the only faculty in which the number entering this year is less than the number in 1951-52. The decline in Education is entirely in the Temporary Licence Program, i.e. the program in which the most generous financial assistance is offered to prospective students and into which the conditions of admission are easier than they are in any other faculty. It is difficult to explain the increase in first year registrations. It would be equally difficult to determine objectively the reasons for the continued decrease in the number of students attracted to the Temporary Licence Program.

In relation to the total demand for personnel, both skilled and unskilled, there is a general shortage of young people emerging from the schools of the Province. It is obvious therefore that we can, from the local scene, find more personnel for particular occupations only by withdrawing them from the flow entering other employments. Given the flow of young people through the schools and a tendency toward a continuously increasing demand, the only ways by which shortages can be avoided are (a) persuading everyone to work harder, (b) bringing in workers from elsewhere, or (c) limiting the expansion of demand. There appears, however, little disposition to recognize or admit the hard realities underlying the situation in which we find ourselves today. We proceed gaily on our way expanding educational, health, industrial and commercial facilities without any prior consideration to the problem of securing the necessary trained personnel.

The supply of personnel for particular occupations depends on the relative attractiveness of alternative employments. Many factors enter into the comparison. Financial return is only one. Others include (a) a sense of importance and prestige, (b) consciousness of the opportunity to perform a useful service, and (c) the prospect of practising developed skills. It is possible to destroy these characteristics of an occupation to the point where it becomes relatively unattractive

to those who have the chance to choose. Is not this very thing happening to the teaching profession? Members of the teaching profession have over the last several years pursued a policy of belittling their own status in society. There has been a general loss of confidence in the usefulness of the service performed. Those who claim that teaching requires great competence and skill are on the defensive, if they are not already routed. Combine these conditions with the problem of discipline in the schools, and there can be small wonder that young people prefer other occupations.

In the Evening Division, the University of Alberta has embarked on a new program designed, through the efforts of students enrolled in Evening Classes, to add ultimately to the number of University graduates. The program is aimed primarily at young men and women who, having left school and entered employment, now wish an opportunity for further education. The courses being offered include some required for the degree of Bachelor of Education, and others leading toward the degree of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Commerce. The particular Evening Division courses now offered in Edmonton are English 2, French 2, Political Economy 1, Philosophy 54, Education 326-526, and Education 308. English 2 is also offered in Calgary. There are 143 students registered in the six courses in Edmonton.

In addition to the Evening Courses for credit, the Extension Department is also offering in the fall term nine non-credit evening classes, including Ukrainian Language and Literature, Conversational French, Music Appreciation, World Affairs, and Business Management. The total registration in these courses is 351. A similar program of evening classes will be offered after Christmas.

Presentation of C. S. Noble

BY DEAN A. G. McCALLA

Eminent Chancellor:

Charles Sherwood Noble was born at State Centre, Iowa, in 1873, but has been an Albertan for fifty years. He has been a farmer since he arrived in Canada, a manufacturer for the past sixteen years, and a hard worker all his life.

Mr. Noble homesteaded in the Claresholm district in 1902, and founded Nobleford in 1909. Operations on a large-scale farm were, for a time, carried on under the name of the Noble Foundation and later as the Noble Farms Limited.

Certainly Mr. Noble's major claim to special recognition in a farming community lies in his keen appreciation of the problems inherent in cultivating prairie soils. He saw the problems of drought give rise to the problems of soil drifting. He became an ardent conservationist. When available equipment and methods failed to meet the situation, he developed better ones.

The maintenance of a trash cover on grain and fallow fields is now accepted by most people on the prairies as a necessary part of good farm practice. In the twenties and early thirties it was just an idea. Indeed, the farmer with the barest, cleanest fields was hailed by many as the best. Mr. Noble, along with others, tackled the double problem of controlling drifting soil and improving moisture conditions. Early experiments fired his imagination and the result was the first Noble blade, produced in 1936. Here was an implement that would give surface cultivation, control weeds, and leave the stubble on top of the soil. Today the Noble blade in various forms is standard equipment on thousands of prairie farms in Canada, the United States, and elsewhere. The implement is produced at Nobleford by Noble Cultivators Limited, a company operated by Mr. Noble and his two sons.

For his pioneering work in the field of active conservation, Mr. Noble was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire and has been admitted to Alberta's Agricultural Hall of Fame.

His activities in the business field and his honours have not taken all of Mr. Noble's time. He has served his local community well, and has supported all activities aimed at improving it in any way.

Agriculture in western Canada has profited from the work of men who have had vision, initiative, and courage. Mr. Noble has displayed all these traits. It can seldom be said of any man that "he has changed the face of the land" and have this taken literally. It can be so said of Mr. Noble.

Eminent Chancellor, I have the honour to present to you for the degree of Doctor of Laws HONORIS CAUSA, Charles Sherwood Noble.

Presentation of Hon. Chief Justice O'Connor

BY C. M. MACLEOD

Eminent Chancellor:

In 1905 a young man came to Edmonton to practise law who was to rise to the highest judicial position in the Province of Alberta.

His name was George Bligh O'Connor—his birthplace was Walkerton, Ontario, and he had won the silver medal on graduating from Osgoode Hall.

He commenced his practice in Edmonton in partnership with Maj. W. A. Griesbach, later Major-General Griesbach, and a member of the Canadian Senate. The firm was joined some years later by his younger brother, Charles Gerald O'Connor, who later became justice of the Exchequer Court of Canada.

His ability in his chosen field rapidly earned him recognition as one of the leading counsel in Edmonton and in 1913 he was appointed one of His Majesty's Counsel.

He continued in practice until 1941 when he was appointed a justice of the trial division of the Supreme Court of Alberta. He brought to the bench not only an extensive knowledge of law but a remarkable understanding of human nature and a natural courtesy and kindliness, and his ability as a Judge won him a high place in the respect and affection of the members of the bar.

However, he did not confine his service to his country to his duties as a justice of the Supreme Court. He undertook many duties outside his judicial duties and the most important of these was the chairmanship of the Wartime Labour Relations Board, which position he accepted in 1944. This involved a great deal of work and at one time required him to spend over a year at Ottawa. The same qualities which had made him so excellent a judge stood him in good stead in the field of labour relations, and he rendered outstanding service to his country in this work. In 1948 he became Chairman of the Canadian Labour Relations Board which replaced the Wartime Board. Also in 1948 he was appointed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and in 1950 he was appointed Chief Justice of Alberta, in which position he continues to serve. Eminent Chancellor, it is an honour and a privilege to present to you for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA, an eminent Canadian jurist who has rendered great service to his country, the Honourable George Bligh O'Connor, Chief Justice of Alberta.

Presentation of H. R. Milner

BY PRESIDENT STEWART

Eminent Chancellor:

Horatio Ray Milner was born in Sackville, New Brunswick. He attended King's University, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1909. Entering Law at Dalhousie University, he graduated in 1911, and was called to the Nova Scotia Bar in the same year. During his professional life he has appeared in all the courts including the Supreme Court of Canada and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

In 1912 Mr. Milner came to practise in the young Province of Alberta but had hardly commenced his practice when the First World War drew him into the Army. While overseas he was twice wounded. During the Second World War he was a member of the National War Finance Committee and Chairman of the Northern Alberta War Savings Committee.

When Mr. Milner came to Alberta, the Province was undergoing its first period of rapid resource development, which was largely agricultural. There was no oil production, and the production of natural gas was just beginning to extend beyond the Medicine Hat area. I am not going to attribute all of the subsequent resource development to Mr. Milner, but it is certain that no other citizen has made so large a contribution. If "What

Alberta makes, makes Alberta," Mr. Milner has had a major share in making Alberta. His interests and associations extend to farming, packing plants, power, oil, gas, lumber, cement, and salt.

But Mr. Milner's interests are much wider than these. A leader in industry, he has also been a leader in those activities serving the welfare of the people of his Province. Among the organizations which have benefited by his guidance and efforts are the Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, Institute for the Blind, Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, Community Chest, Anglican Church, and the University of Alberta. The whole life of the Province is richer because Ray Milner has lived here.

Eminent Chancellor, for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA, I have the honour to present to you a leading counsel, an outstanding industrialist, and a public benefactor, Horatio Ray Milner.

Address to the Graduating Class

BY H. R. MILNER

I am afraid that anything I can say today is totally unworthy of this distinguished audience. However, I would like to discuss briefly, some aspects of the place of the individual in the Canadian economic and political system.

It is, of course, trite to say that we Canadians occupy a vast and largely unpopulated area of the world's surface. It is commonplace to remind ourselves that we are extremely prosperous, that we have at least the second highest standard of living in the world, that our natural resources remain largely undeveloped, and that our potential wealth is very great. It is also taken for granted that we are devoted to our present political institutions or, at least, to the fundamental principles under which they operate. Our actions do not always support that assumption.

Our system of government, up to the present time, in a relatively uncomplicated political and economic situation, has served us well. Aside from the distribution of powers between the Dominion on the one hand, and the Provinces on the other, we rely on the unwritten constitutional practice derived from the British model. It is based on the two-party system with power passing from one party to the other and back again, each relying on the support of a cross section of the public. It is flexible and highly adaptable to changing conditions. Its very flexibility, however, makes it vulnerable to capture and perversion by Leftist groups.

Politics and economics no longer present the relatively simple problems of the past. They have become highly complicated, involved, and dependent one on the other. Nationalization or socialization of industry, and its operation in competition with private enterprise, has become a factor. The Civil Service, once small, is now large in number and influence. Only recently has Government had on its payroll, directly or indirectly, a large segment of the population. Mass propaganda by every Department of the Civil Service in the interest of the government of the day, and

paid for by the public, was unthought of until recent years. Mass bribery, through the redistribution of wealth, is now with us. So, also, is the political organization of economic pressure groups. That one or more such groups might dominate a government devoted to the advancement of their narrow economic interests and thus lead to the destruction of the two-party system, has only lately become a danger worthy of serious consideration. That danger is now very real.

This is not the first time, however, that an autocracy has threatened the Anglo-Saxon people. The Crown, the nobles and great landowners, the industrial magnates of more recent times, all, in turn, sought and failed to establish a concentration of power in their own hands. A counter balancing force always successfully intervened. Today, with the property holding classes disappearing, the balance is again upset. The authority of government has become dominant and, someday, supported by an organized minority, there is every reason to fear that it will endeavour to perpetuate itself in power.

There is some reason to suggest that the thinking of one of the Canadian political parties is based on class interest. Across the line to the South of us, a serious effort is being made by the Labour leaders to obtain control of the great Democratic Party. A party once in office and so dominated, having control of the public purse, with mass propaganda at its disposal, and a vast dependent Civil Service, would be extremely difficult to dislodge. It is not without interest to read that in the United States 15 cents out of each \$1.00 of personal income is derived from Government payrolls, pensions, and allotments of one kind or another, while one out of seven working persons is employed by Government. In Canada the amount collected in taxes is greater now than in the most critical years of the Second Great War.

The state of equilibrium which has existed under the two-party system is in danger of being destroyed, unless a new force can be created to restrain the political and economic ambitions of selfish groups. Such a balance wheel exists in the individuals who compose the State. The Canadian people, as a result of tradition and environment, are individualists. They are capable of thinking and acting on their own convictions. We are too apt to assume that that will always be the case. The idea of a one party system, which would lead inevitably to a self perpetuating autocracy, already has its advocates. Its basic principle is that the State has an existence, and is on a plane, superior to its citizens. If that is true, tyranny on its part can be justified. On the other hand, most of us believe that the power of the State derives from the individual and that the State exists to serve, not to master him—that the rule of law applies to the State as well as to the individual.

Why do we hear so much today of the enactment of a Bill of Rights? What is the justification for it if we are not becoming fearful of the position of the individual? It could do no more than place in statutory form the rights and privileges we are now assumed to enjoy, while as a protection against an all-powerful State such an enactment could serve only as a code of historic interest. It would certainly not prevail against the decrees of an autocracy under a one party Government. If we are not prepared—as individuals—to protect and defend the rights

which would be embodied in such a Bill, we cannot hope to long enjoy them merely because they are written into an Act of Parliament.

It is at least doubtful if the individual understands or is prepared to reassert his position as the master of the State. The average person is willing to throw more and more responsibility on the State. The common attitude is—let the Government do it. Business and industry, controlled as they are by individuals, rather than undertake obligations which they could well assume, perversely appeal for Government aid and financial help. There is no apparent realization that the wider the activities of Government, the more money it must withdraw from the people in the form of taxes and the greater becomes its power. Not only that, but the theory in Civil Service circles is wide-spread that where the Government contributes money—be it for education, health, charity, or any other purpose—Government has a right to control its expenditure. If this theory is carried to its logical conclusion, the work of benevolent and charitable organizations eventually will be turned over to an ever-growing Civil Service. It is merely a minor indication of the increasing power of Government and of the fact that the citizen generally has forgotten that Government creates nothing, that its authority is solely based on the money it collects from the producers.

To any observer of the political scene, the general attitude towards public life is startling. Many institutions, fearful of inviting economic or political reprisals, refuse to permit their people to take any active part. The ordinary voter, as a result of timidity, laziness, and for a variety of purely selfish reasons, is indifferent.

The basic reason, however, is not economic fear, timidity, or selfishness. It is ignorance, and the indifference of those with the background of knowledge and wisdom who are capable of giving leadership. Constitutional government, its history, and the climate and conditions which enable it to operate successfully, are neither generally known nor understood. Its strength and virtue, though little realized, lie in diversity and the distribution of responsibility and not in uniformity. We do not live in a political or economic straight jacket. We progress by trial and error. We make mistakes but, with our flexibility, those mistakes are corrected automatically without serious damage. To the mathematical mind, we may seem to live in a state of chaos, but order comes out of it by the interplay of conflicting and self-eliminating ideas, ambitions, desires, and all the human emotions. As I said before, the system—or lack of it—has served us well.

This country needs the leadership of individuals with moral courage founded on knowledge and understanding. Where else should it be found more readily than among University people, the men and women who have had an opportunity to learn the lessons of history and economics, to study the wisdom of those who have preceded us, to acquire breadth of viewpoint and clarity of thinking. That comes as the result of reading, thinking, and free discussion of ideas in schools and colleges—in short,—education. Out of it should emerge intelligent leadership of a moral, informed, and rugged character.

Sidney Smith of Toronto University, in a recent speech, emphasized the difference between schooling and education, and quoted Dr. Robert M. Hutchins to the effect

that liberal education has been abolished in the United States, and, though schooling is considered important, education is not. Dr. Smith pointed out that education goes to the root of our political philosophy and continued—"Under an oligarchic form of government it is logical to reserve the best education for the ruling classes and school the rest to be efficient workers. But in a democracy, where all have a voice in their own Government, all the people need the education that rulers need everywhere."

Too much emphasis is placed on training or schooling leading to a trade or profession. It is another facet of mass production—in this case, the production of professional and technical people, frequently without any real background of education. That background should, I suggest, be acquired in the schools and Universities. Their chief object should be to send out men and women with an education which enables them to become good citizens. A brick layer, a bridge builder, a surgeon, may be brilliant at his job, but if he has nothing in his head but technical knowledge, he is not likely, as a citizen, to be much of an asset. His thinking will be bounded by the economic interest of his own group—the mirror in which he sees himself and his own prosperity. The larger implications will be meaningless and he will be the victim of the claptrap of every windy demagogue. He will be in very truth the common man of whom we hear so much. This, we are told,



When His Excellency the Governor-General visited the campus in October and was conducted on a tour of the new Rutherford Library he was interested in the Eskimo kayak, flown from Coppermine this year, to become part of the museum collection. Left to right are Miss Marjorie Sherlock, librarian, His Excellency, Mrs. E. P. Scarlett, wife of Dr. E. P. Scarlett, chancellor-elect, and Mrs. Lionel Massey.

is his age. The common man today is riding high on the sagging shoulders of the uncommon men of achievement. Without the uncommon man, the lot of the common man would be sad indeed.

It may be presumptuous on the part of a business man to ask the questions but, is our educational system on a sound basis? Is it geared to produce the type of people we so urgently need? Many doubt it. Is it not haphazard in practice and lacking in direction? Does it aim to do more than give a schooling to earn a living? Does Christianity—the teaching of its morals and ethics—play any part, or is the State system entirely materialistic? Is it producing enough people with vigorous, sound, and inquisitive minds? Education is a matter of fundamental public interest.

Perhaps, without offence, I can paraphrase Clemenceau's remark about war and the generals—and say that education is too important to be left to the educationalists.

The case I make today is for the encouragement of the individual and an individualistic outlook. It is an attitude of mind. It fits into no pattern of uniformity. It believes in freedom of thought and freedom of action. It is prepared to battle for fundamental moral principles, and to stand up and be counted regardless of the consequences.

It was the individualist—the rugged individualist if you like—both great and small, both famous and unheard of, who created the splendor of the Elizabethan age and founded the world-wide power of the Anglo-Saxon. He laid the long enduring basis of our present prosperity. He can be discarded or forgotten at our peril.

We Canadians have the future in front—not behind us. None could be more aware of it than those who live in Alberta. We have prospered as individuals in a society as nearly classless as the world has known. We believe that concentration of power is bad whether vested in Government, in business, or in pressure groups. We have no love for the European doctrines of paternalism and State socialism. We expect and want no Utopia, nor have we any desire to be the guinea pigs of Utopian experiments. Government should exist within the proper sphere of its activities as the servant of the people. As individuals, and individualists, we should keep it there.

Congestion in Calgary

The popularity of the arts and science courses offered to second year students at the Calgary branch of the University of Alberta is posing a space problem. Enrolment in this department has jumped from 200 last year to 257 in 1952.

The building used by the University in Calgary houses the faculties of education and arts and science, the institute of technology and art, an affiliate of the University, and a practice school for student teachers.

Although the classrooms are crowded, main congestion is in the auditorium, gymnasium, and cafeteria, used by all the students in the building.

Have you sent your New Address to the Alumni office?

Trail Blazers



M. H. Keel '32

Merton Harris Keel has recently been appointed manager of a newly-formed advertising department of Shell Chemical Corporation of New York. He brings to this position long experience in research, technical and advertising fields.

Merton Keel was born in Lethbridge in 1912. He attended the University of Alberta from 1929 to 1933, receiving his B.Sc. in '32 at the age of nineteen. The following year he obtained his high school teacher's certificate. He was prominent during his undergrad days in athletics, particularly basketball and tennis. He captained the basketball team on which he played for four years, and was later chosen a member of the Alberta "All Star" team while playing for Lethbridge in the provincial league. He was also captain of the tennis team and was western Canada intercollegiate tennis champion in 1933. He recalls that in 1932 Alberta beat Saskatchewan for the first time in history.

After graduation he taught high school in southern Alberta for three-and-a-half years. Then he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, for post-graduate work in chemistry.

Working on a teaching fellowship he completed his M.S. in biochemistry in 1939 and began work on his Ph.D.

Soon after the outbreak of war, he took a position with the Aluminium Company of Canada at Arvida, Quebec, for two years. Then he spent three years with Dow Chemical Company at Canada's only synthetic rubber plant at Sarnia. In 1945 he joined M. W. Kellogg Co., petroleum engineers, in New York, and three years later, went to Shell Chemical Corporation as a senior technologist in the marketing operations department. Early in 1952 he was appointed to his present position as manager of Shell's advertising department.

On the personal side of the record, he writes that he is unmarried, but "hopes to rectify that sad state in the near future". He remains a tennis enthusiast and can still win "the odd tournament". His parents and brother Gordon live in Vancouver.

* * * *



A portrait in oil of Dr. Robert Newton, former president of the University of Alberta, now hangs in the delivery hall on the second floor of the new Rutherford Library. Presented to the University by the artist, Professor H. G. Glyde, of the Fine Arts department, the painting depicts Dr. Newton in the red robes of office with the library building as background. At a recent unveiling ceremony the chairman of the University's board of governors, Mr. C. M. Macleod, paid tribute to the great contribution made by the former president to the University. It was in large measure due to his work that construction of the present library was made possible.

Professor Glyde is shown, right, discussing some of the interesting highlights of the portrait with Miss M. Sherlock, chief librarian.

Films Are Here to Stay

By H. P. BROWN

In the second part of this series of "recollections" I remarked on the predicament of arriving at a hall to present a film program to the assembled natives only to find that no reel to take up the film had been provided. In this dilemma it is possible to improvise a substitute, but when the one and only lamp burns out it is an entirely different matter.

This happened to me on one occasion at Kelsey when delivering a new projector to the school and showing films for the first time. There had been a good deal of campaigning for the new projector and the school assembly hall was filled for the opening show. I had tested the machine and found everything in order, but when the time came to start the first film the lamp blew out, and there was no spare. Leaving the principal to carry on at the school I phoned Edmonton and arranged to have two or three lamps put on a train leaving the city around six o'clock, which would not however arrive at Kelsey until nine or later. What was to be done about the evening show, widely publicized, and to be attended by the parents and, in fact, the whole community? We decided, the principal and I, that a program of concert items could be given by the school children which would occupy around 40 minutes, but there would still be an hour to fill until the lamps arrived and the films could be shown. I was not prepared to give an address of that length, but agreed to give some readings and said that I would prefer these to be from Charles Dickens, of whom I am a great admirer. So we went forth, the principal and I, to try to find something by Dickens with no library in the town and no Dickens in the school. After canvassing several homes without success we arrived at a house where a little old lady resided who had, believe it or not, an early edition of *Pickwick Papers* in two volumes. She valued this treasure quite highly, but agreed to come to the school in the evening and guard her precious *Pickwick* while I read from the adventures of the famous Club. So we kept the program going until the lamps arrived and the films were shown, everyone going home at a late hour quite satisfied with the evening's performance, although we, the principal and I, were feeling somewhat limp.

I remember another late showing of films when I was invited to a teachers' convention at St. Paul, about 100 miles northeast of Edmonton. In those days one went by "mixed" train which was mostly made up of freight cars with one day coach. There was no time table, at least no one ever bothered about it, and the train left Edmonton at around 8 a.m. It should have arrived at St. Paul at 2:30 in the afternoon, but on this particular day there was much fruit from British Columbia to be unloaded at every station, and we reached St. Paul at 6 p.m. with

We are pleased to present the third and concluding installment of the story of audio-visual education in the West as documented by H. P. Brown, retired supervisor of the division of visual instruction, department of University extension. This interesting historical record has dealt with a breadth of reminiscences ranging from magic lantern days to developments in audio-visual education in the West during and since World War II.

the convention over and nothing to do but return to the city (by the same train) in the morning. Enquiry revealed that a post-convention dance would be held in the theatre in the evening and the committee agreed to my presenting my films during the intermission at some indeterminate time. The dance started around 9:30 and the intermission came at 2 a.m.!

This brings me to an incident concerning a clash in dates in which I was involved with a political meeting. It was at a country school north of Provost to which I was driven by the United Church minister to show a biblical film. On our arrival we found that two meetings had been advertised for the same night and that the speakers had also come from Edmonton. It was however arranged that the film should come first, and so I presented the story of brotherly love between David and Jonathan, after which the visiting speakers proceeded to pound the Government of the day and brotherly love was not so apparent.

At the start of the War in 1939, the silent 16mm film was largely used in school and community, and sound projectors, though then available, were not being acquired in any number. A new silent film projector equipped with a 12 volt motor for operation from storage batteries was the means of increasing the number of school circuits from 15 to 25. By 1942 there were 30 school circuits and 8 health units using 16mm silent film projectors in hundreds of rural communities. These rural circuits were later incorporated into the National Film Board program, and it was not until then that sound films were seen in any number in the country districts of the province.

With the facilities and experience of the University department of extension in Alberta ready at hand, it is understandable that the National Film Board should seek the advice and assistance of the University in its program. Accordingly, the University of Alberta film library became the regional depository for the National Film Board and all circuit arrangements in Alberta were made through the University. Five circuits were placed in operation early in 1942 which was expanded to ten in 1943. Over 2000 rural showings were given in that year to audiences totalling over 300,000. Arrangements for voluntary projection services were also made in the cities for the showing of war films, largely sponsored by men's service clubs.

During the war, new equipment for visual education and information was not available except on priority for purposes connected with the war, and the many schools and others desiring to purchase sound projectors had to wait. This situation placed a heavy load upon those with equipment and there was a constant demand upon them especially for the showing of films on the war. Our own staff showed 352 programs in the year 1943 mostly in Edmonton, the National Film Board operated 10 circuits and the voluntary projection services were expanded. These latter created their own problems as they (the volunteer operators) were obliged to use all kinds and conditions of projectors, kindly loaned by their owners for spreading information about the war. Some kind of instruction book became necessary, and this was made available by the National Film Society of Canada. It was prepared by Mr. O. C. Wilson, now with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and entitled "Handbook for volunteer projectionists". Some

of the "instructions" are worthy of record: "Don't bump, bang or jar the machine." "If you have no spare reel you can't run the film." "If your lamp burns out, the game will have to be called on account of darkness." "Rely on yourself, leave nothing to chance; don't assume that anyone, anywhere, and under any circumstances, will display any intelligence at all about your problems." "Any information you receive (about the hall) will probably turn out to be erroneous." "Any janitor worthy of his salt knows how to arrange the chairs so that not more than five per cent of the audience can see the screen." "Don't ever tinker with radio tubes; that's a job for Superman."

After enumerating all the untoward things that can happen to upset the operator—"if all these things happen at once, the best advice that can be given you is to quit and go home."

In this vein Mr. Wilson admonished the volunteer operator, and his handbook was found to very useful, though apt to alarm the tyro at first.

It is, I think, worthy of note that (contrary to all the gibes directed at women drivers) the ladies often turned out to be the best projectionists. One of the first field representatives for the National Film Board in Alberta was a woman, and the ladies' auxiliary of the junior Chamber of Commerce in Edmonton owns its own projector and is still carrying on a voluntary projection service. The girls of the Red Cross Corps were also trained as operators of 16mm sound film projectors, and are presently engaged in showing films in the military hospitals. Many of the girls on my office staff operate University projectors on the campus and outside.

One of the most efficient projectionists I can remember was in the school at St. Paul (where the 2 a.m. film showing took place, but this was many years later). The 16mm sound projector was placed on a low table, and when I suggested placing it higher I was told "that is for the sister." The sister then came in and I met the smallest nun I have ever seen. She may have been less than 5 feet, but she was surely an efficient and businesslike operator.

The fieldmen of the National Film Board have reported many interesting experiences. One of the best has to do with the showing of a wartime propaganda film at Strome. A good deal of emphasis was being placed on discussing the film, and on this occasion a panel of high school students had been recruited. This group was headed by a boy whose father was a prominent Conservative of the town, and on rising to speak he made this remark: "this film may express the opinion of Mr. Mackenzie King, but it is not necessarily the opinion of myself or my father." We are told that a quite brisk discussion followed with the audience taking sides. On another occasion one of the National Film Board fieldmen was showing a film from the University film library called "Square Dance Medley", with some Indians in the audience. After the film the chief was asked what he thought of it, and he replied, "pretty good but can do better", whereupon the floor was cleared and the Indians present proceeded to perform a square dance more effective than the film.

As the war progressed, interest in film increased and the National Film Board men were kept very busy especially during Victory loan and Red Cross appeals.

Films began to arrive showing the devastation in Europe and the Far East, and these undoubtedly had their effect on the lady who wrote in for films on the war. Instead of addressing the division of Visual Instruction she became slightly mixed, and addressed us as the department of Visible Destruction! Speaking of mail, we have received many unusual letters and I have been addressed in many different ways. One of our most enthusiastic customers many years ago was a reverend gentleman (of a coloured congregation) who possessed a somewhat vigorous voice. I happened to meet him on Jasper avenue one day in company with another coloured gentleman, and introductions ensued with sufficient power to be heard right across the street: "Professor Brown, I want to you meet Professor Coleman." I found out afterwards that "Professor Coleman" was teacher of a one-room school in a negro settlement, and neither of us had any right to the title.

In announcing my forthcoming retirement from the Division of Visual Instruction, Department of Extension, University of Alberta, the Edmonton Journal mentioned the changes which have taken place in the methods of imparting knowledge. The editorial is headed "Magic Lantern to Movies", and makes reference to the use of slides in imparting election returns in the "good old days".

"Back in the twenties no election night was complete without H.P. and his magic lantern. In those days, even on winter nights, crowds would gather in front of the Journal building to watch results flashed on a big sheet over the entrance to McDougall Church. Excitement often reigned high as the downfall of one government and the election of another was recorded on the "slides". The "mike" has replaced the magic lantern, and a good deal of the old colour is missing."

The Journal editor could have gone back a few years (from 1909 on) when the Edmonton paper was housed in the Tegler building and the screen hung on the King Edward hotel. One election night a fairly high wind was blowing and the canvas sheet had been lowered from the roof of the hotel, but was difficult to fasten down. A Journal reporter tried to hold the sheet while poised precariously on the portiere over the main entrance. A gust of wind came along and lifted the reporter of his feet, depositing him on the sidewalk twelve feet below. He was shaken but unhurt, the screen was whipped over the roof of the hotel and we retrieved it on 104th street, four blocks away. Fortunately the wind died down and the election crowd was not disappointed. Our projector on this and other occasions was enclosed in a portable booth as we were showing 35mm movie films which were inflammable. The "booth" however was of sheets of tin fastened to a wood frame, and would not have confined a film fire for very long. Regulations came in and restrictions were placed on the use of inflammable film in schools, churches and halls. On one occasion the inspector of theatres refused to issue a permit for a hotel showing of 35mm films to a sportsmen's organization. We did not want to cancel the showing so placed our projector outside the building and projected the picture through an open window on to the far wall of the hotel dining room. When the acetate film arrived many people were not convinced, and the provincial government actually passed an order-in-council decreeing the placing of a 16mm silent projector in a fireproof booth. A cabinet minister was

the first to be caught by the new regulation which did not remain on the statute books for long.

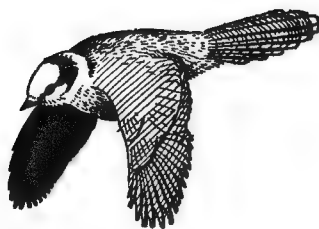
The year 1945 brought the end of the war and completion of thirty years of visual instruction service to the societies, institutions and schools of Alberta. The demand for various forms of service became too heavy for the University to handle alone, and on our suggestion the Department of Education agreed to provide a free film service to the schools of the province. The National Film Board also decided to open its own regional office, thus further lightening the load borne by the Department of Extension. The load increased however in other directions, and as a result of the successful use of films and filmstrips for training purposes during the war, a new importance was given them in the educational program. Projectors were now coming in quantity from the factories, and the Alberta circulating film exchange was formed by the National Film Board, the co-ordinating of which was taken over by the Department of Extension, and now includes 12 film depots in various parts of the province. These receive their films from the National Film Board and the Department of Extension, and they have in addition their own film pool to which all the film depots contribute through their sponsoring organizations.

And now after thirty-five years the time has come for me to lay down the work of visual instruction, but I cannot envision being disassociated entirely from it. In whatever field of activity I may continue to carry on, there will films undoubtedly be of importance. The film has not only entered the schoolroom; it cannot be kept out of the modern progressive school. Teachers and educational authorities, at one time prejudiced against visual aids as just another frill, have come to see their great value as a teaching medium. In adult education the result is the same. Churches, institutions, clubs and societies are using films and other audio-visual media and finding them effective to gain and hold their members. Many have entered the production field, and the result is a raising of the standard. We have come a long way in thirty-five years; from magic lantern and slide to filmstrips and moving picture films; from inflammable 35mm to safety 28mm and then to 16mm; from black and white to colour and from silent film to sound. "I know not what the future holds of wonder or surprise", but I am very appreciative indeed of the privilege of having shared in some small way in the development of a medium of communication which has effected a social as well as a scientific revolution.



FIRST CHANCELLOR

The late Mr. Justice Stuart, Calgary, was elected the first chancellor of the University of Alberta on March 18, 1908.



Whiskeyjack . .

At a recent meeting of the Executive of the Friends of the University, it was decided that the organization should be democratized. That is to say, annual or semi-annual meetings of the whole membership will be held, and a new executive will be elected.

The present executive does not clearly know how it came into existence, but there is a general suspicion that after the Friends were somehow born, Dr. Newton asked a few of them to spend the money that came in. Reports of receipts and expenditures have been made through Whiskeyjack and *The New Trail*. Appropriations have been made for worthy projects which, however desirable, could not be covered by normal University appropriations. We have supplied much needed books to the Library, appropriated \$2500 towards the *Alberta Flora* which will one day see the light of print, supplied at least one expensive microscope, and many other aids to research; and made it possible for quite a large number of good students to remain in the University and complete their studies. More helps of this kind are needed, and more can be supplied.

The present executive, consisting of Mr. John Dower, that staunch

friend of all good causes; Mr. L. Y. Cairns, the most faithful and devoted of all our graduates; the Chancellor of the University; the President of the University; Dr. Ralph Shaner; Mr. Alex Markle, Secretary of the Alumni Association; and Whiskeyjack, are modest enough to feel that wisdom should be added unto them.

They therefore ask for a meeting of the full body of the Friends, and notices will shortly be sent out. Active Friends could prepare for the meeting by crystallizing in their minds the purposes we should serve and the objectives we should reach, and by estimating or defining the sort of persons they desire to manage our affairs.

* * *

NEW FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

Miss N. Alice Frick, 46 Summerhill Gardens, Toronto 5, Ont.

Mr. Thomas Connor, General Delivery, White Rock, B.C.

Dr. Alfred E. Clarke, Branch Experiment Station, Parma, Idaho.

Mr. R. F. P. Bowman, 430 4th Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

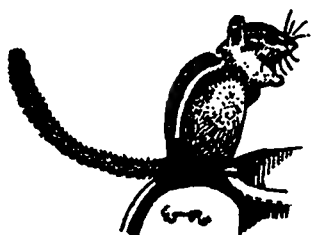
Mrs. W. A. Millar, 8009 112th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

* * *

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscriptions.—Ed.



September of next year is the month set for the opening of the new Engineers' building on the campus. Built at a cost of over one million dollars, the four storey brick structure located immediately west of the Medical building will house the latest in laboratory and classroom facilities. Since the above picture was taken all windows have been closed and interior work is proceeding apace in readiness for the commencement of engineering classes in the Fall of 1953.



the chipmunk

Canada's new governor-general, the Rt.-Hon. Vincent Massey, is by family tradition and personal bent, interested in education, and as head of the Royal Commission on arts, letters and sciences, has made an intensive study of the state of learning in Canadian universities. Thus it was most fitting that during his week-end stay in Edmonton in October, he should spend considerable time on the campus, visiting and inspecting the new buildings.

On the Sunday a private luncheon was held in his honor in the faculty room in the Students' Union Building. About fifty people, representing the Senate, the Board of Governors, faculty, administration and student body, were present. Mr. Massey signed the visitors' book and posed for photographs for the yearbook. An address of welcome was given by our new chancellor, Dr. E. P. Scarlett.

Next morning Mr. Massey and his party made a tour of inspection of the new Rutherford Memorial Library. They were conducted through the building by a delegation which included Dr. Scarlett, President Stewart, Miss Marjorie Sherlock and Mr. H. G. Glyde. The Governor-General displayed keen interest in Mr. Glyde's mural which dominates the main reading room. He was also impressed by the pleasant and stimulating atmosphere of the building.

Our third new structure, the Engineering Building is now nearly completed on the outside. It is expected that the interior work will be finished well before spring and that, barring unforeseen calamities, the building will be opened and ready for use by next September.

The J. S. McEachern Cancer Research Laboratory, located behind the Medical Building, was officially opened at ceremonies on November 1st. About three hundred visitors including officials of the Dominion and Provincial

cancer organizations attended the luncheon and tour of the lab which marked the opening.

Among recent innovations about the campus of a less serious nature, is the installation of a coffee-making machine in the corner of the Arts rotunda. The fountain will still dispense warm water free, but now students can insert a dime in the slot and come up with a bracing cup of hot coffee before lectures. We wonder, whether scholastic standards will rise accordingly.

The Extension department's new venture in giving evening courses for credits has met with highly satisfactory response. About 175 people are attending in Edmonton, and similar numbers, we understand, in Calgary. The courses in English, History and Psychology are proving most popular, so much so that a second course in Psychology has been added. Many teachers are taking the courses in education and some are also attending late afternoon courses in the regular university session.

The Extension Department has also added a new lecturer in music to its staff in the person of Mr. E. Bruce Hanson. Mr. Hanson holds a Masters' degree from the Juilliard School of Music and will assist musical organizations throughout the province to carry on group activities in choral and orchestral work.

The Studio Theatre has announced its 1952-53 program, to begin with Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." The December production will be "A Pageant for Christmas", based on the medieval mystery plays. Parts of various cycles will be used to make up the pageant which will end with a Nativity play. Other plays for the season will be Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Death of a Salesman" by Arthur Miller. These plays will be taken to the Victoria Composite auditorium for the last

two nights of their runs, and it is hoped also to arrange for some plays to go on tour.

In addition to its regular program the Theatre is holding a series of "weekend schools" for the purpose of training leaders of community drama groups. An "actors' workshop", now in progress has received excellent response. The "workshop" gives serious professional training in acting, voice work and body work. It has over forty members and is divided into a junior section for those around fifteen or sixteen years of age, and a senior section for those in their early twenties. Two new members have been added to the staff of the Studio Theatre this year. They are M. Gordon Peacock and Mr. Bert Pullinger. Mr. Peacock is an Alberta graduate with an M.F.A. from the Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh. Mr. Pullinger is a graduate of McGill and Yale and has been director of dramatics at McGill.

The newly formed Canadian Women's Theatre Guild, while it is not, strictly speaking, a University organization, might perhaps be mentioned here since it grew out of the work of the Studio Theatre. The Guild, which has branches in Calgary and Lethbridge and will eventually be nationwide, is dedicated to the support and development of professional and semi-professional theatre and seeks to do for the theatre what the Ballet Guild is doing for ballet.

About a year ago the Student Christian Movement at the university began a drive to raise funds to bring a south Korean student to the university. Members of the group donated their earnings from Christmas holiday employment, other donations were received from church organizations, students and citizens. The I.S.S. provided \$200 and the university offered to remit fees and award a \$400 scholarship to help pay for board and room for the student. This fall twenty-three-year-old Yoon Soo Park was flown to Canada and is now studying nuclear physics at the university working towards his master's degree. Mr. Park has been president of the S.C.M. at the Seoul National University and student secretary of the Korean Student Christian Federation. He was chosen by a group of Canadian missionaries in Korea, from students recommended by Korean

church groups. The S.C.M. hopes to be able to keep him here for two years.

There is also a Nigerian student on the campus this year. He is Bob Etem Inyang of Calabar, capital of Nigeria. Bob has a B.Sc. degree in zoology from Howard University in Washington, D.C. and is here to study dentistry. He plans to follow his University of Alberta training with some public health work before returning to his native land to practice dentistry.

The department of foreign travel should note here that the traffic is not all one way. Dr. C. F. Bentley left at the end of October for Ceylon, where he has been appointed to the soil conservation administration, working under the Colombo Plan. He will oversee the work of the Ceylon government's soil conservation program and also give instruction in soil conservation. Mrs. Bentley, who is well known at summer sessions and evening classes as a lecturer in home economics, will accompany her husband, as will their two children, Ann, seven, and Teddy, five. They will live in Kandy, in the hill country of Ceylon, and expect to be gone about a year.

The appointment of Dr. O. J. Walker as director of the School of Graduate Studies, has been announced. Dr. Walker has been with the department of chemistry since 1920, and head of that department since 1943. He is a graduate of the Universities of Saskatchewan, Harvard, and McGill and was named a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1945. In the direction of the School of Graduate Studies, which numbers about two hundred students, he succeeds Dean John Macdonald, who retired last August.

There are a number of other changes in the university for this session.

Dr. J. W. Neilson, Associate professor of Periodontia and Oral Pathology, has resigned to accept a position in the School of Dentistry of the University of Washington in Seattle. Dr. Neilson, a graduate of the University of Saskatchewan, holds the degree of D.D.S. from the University of Alberta and M.S. in dentistry from the University of Michigan. He has been a member of the staff of the University of Alberta

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» » Alumni Notes « «

1918

Dr. Grace Anne Stewart is on the geology staff at Ohio State University, where she holds a professorship.

1919

Helen S. Edwards—The following is an interesting excerpt from a recent letter to registrar, **Geoffrey B. Taylor** '25:

"I have now been in Britain for nearly 14 years, so that I am surprised when people ask me if I am going to 'settle' over here. Nearly 3 years were spent in Prestwick from 1939 to 1942, but London has now grown on me so firmly that I no longer rush to see the various

'spectacles'. I still get a thrill from riding on the top deck of a bus and from the crowds of different nationalities that swarm the streets. I am secretary to an architect with offices near Piccadilly Circus, so it is very central, and I have plenty of opportunity to see crowds.

I am very glad the University is flourishing, and that you are adding so many fine buildings. There have been a number of changes even since I was home 5 years ago, but it will never again be the home for the students that it was when we were students. Our class was the first to go into the Arts Building, and the older students used to tell us that it would

since 1946.

Other resignations include those of Miss Jeannette F. Doule as instructor in the Basic sciences, school of nursing; Miss Elaine Fildes, Lecturer in physical education, and Mr. George Schwindt, instructor in bacteriology.

Sabbatical leave has been approved for Dean W. G. Bowker of the Faculty of Law to carry on graduate studies at Yale University and for Mr. L. G. Thomas, Associate professor of history, for research in the United Kingdom. Leave of absence has been granted to Mr. Henry Kreisel, assistant professor of English, Mr. R. T. Berg, lecturer in animal husbandry, Mr. Charles Heath, lecturer in physiology, Mr. A. E. Harper, assistant professor of biochemistry, and Mr. J. R. Murray, assistant professor of pharmacy, all of whom will be carrying on graduate research towards the degree of Ph.D.

Mr. George Samuel, lecturer in Modern Languages, has been appointed Assistant to the President, replacing Dr. W. H. Johns, who assumed the post of Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science. Mr. Samuel will continue to devote part of his time to teaching French.

Mr. A. B. Weston, who holds the degrees of LL. B. from the University of Western Australia and B.C.L. from Oxford, has been appointed assistant professor of Law.

Dr. Paul Rooney, a graduate of the University of Alberta and a Ph.D. from the California Institute of Technology, will be lecturer in

mathematics for the coming session.

Two appointments have been made in the school of household economics. Miss Charlotte Wade, a graduate of Mount Allison and Columbia University, has been appointed lecturer, and Miss Marion Lloyd, of McGill, sessional lecturer.

Miss Doris White, who received her training at San Diego State College, California, will succeed Miss Fildes as instructor in physical Education.

In the school of nursing, Miss Patricia Louise Sharp, B.Sc., from Saskatchewan, will serve as demonstrator in the basic sciences in nursing, and Miss Dorothy R. Colquhoun, a graduate of McGill, will be instructor in nursing education.

Mr. Wilfred Pilkington, a graduate of the University of Alberta, who has been carrying on post-graduate study at Stanford, has been appointed assistant professor of education, and Miss Dorothy Lampard, who holds degrees from the Universities of Manitoba and Chicago, has been given a rank of lecturer in the faculty of education along with Miss Velma Miller who has held the position of secretary of the faculty in recent years.

Three graduates of the University have been appointed to the rank of instructor in the faculty of medicine, Dr. R. F. Scott, and Dr. G. O. Bain in the department of pathology, and Miss Raina Yanda in the department of bacteriology.

never again be so pleasant as in the old days. If I go on I shall make myself nostalgic and sentimental, but at this distance of time and space I often go over my memories—a sure sign of advancing years—and the time I spent at the University stands out.

Please remember me to **Esther Miller** and any other members of the staff who may remember me."

1920

Clarence H. Tookey writes that the only two of the old gang that he sees occasionally are **E. S. McKittrick** and **Arthur Carswell**. Arthur is semi-retired," but Mac and I are working as hard as we ever did".

1922

George F. LePage has been with the Corporation Trust Company, New York, since 1925, in the capacity of executive vice-president.

1923

You editor was pleased to have a visit in the early Fall from **Dr. Charles D. Reid**, who dropped in to say hello and bring us up-to-date on his activities with the Eastman Kodak Company located in Rochester, N Y.

It was three years since Dr. Reid had last visited Edmonton and like so many other "prodigal" sons from across the line he was incredulous at the growth of the Oil Capital.

When pressed for information concerning his work in Rochester we learned that Dr. Reid supervises the appraising of photographic lenses as they are turned out by the company—but remaining primarily a physicist all the while.

1924

Dr. Mervyn A. Tuck has been practicing in "Movieland" since 1930. "First few depression years were tough and even the patients who didn't intend to pay stopped coming, over the top now of course—own home in Hollywood—everything fine".

1929

We know you will be pleased to learn that **Miss Winifred (Wyn) Alford**, who received a diploma in Nursing from the University of Alberta, had a story in the September issue of *The Instructor*.

Miss Alford was the author of a kindergarten and primary tale entitled "Gilbert the Goldfish". She is a frequent contributor to *The Instructor*, as well as to several children's magazines and other publications. Her mailing address, Box 384, Red Deer, Alberta.

1937

Charlie Hurst has recently been appointed engineering advisor to the Canadian section of The International Joint Commission. He has moved from Peterborough and has taken up residence at 44 Orrin Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

Wesley F. Elford owns and operates "Engineered Enterprises", which repairs and services all kinds of fine instruments, cameras, transits, levels, microscopes, meters and gauges.

Dr. Gordon H. Fairbanks visited the University early this Fall, coming up from Ithaca, New York, where he is a professor at Cornell University.

George M. Tuttle is the new professor of Christian Education, Union College, Vancouver, B C.

Dr. J. Donovan Ross, a life member of the alumni association, was a successful candidate in the provincial (Alberta) election held earlier in the year.

1939

David O. Hedlin runs his own business—Hedlin's Feed Service, Lacombe, Alberta

Robert B. Berkoff has been transferred from Sarnia to Winnipeg where he is to be chief chemist of the Imperial Oil refinery there.

1941

Robert Whitla Ross and Mrs. Ross forsook the comfort of their French style home at St. Hilaire, P.Q., long enough in the late summer to fly out to Edmonton for a spot of holidaying and renewal of old acquaintances.

It will be recalled that "Bert" was sessional instructor in political economy at the U of A. in 1946, and since then has moved on to Ottawa and finally Montreal where he is employed with the Canada Creosoting Co., a division of the Dominion Tar and Chemical Company.

Lorene L. Kennedy is lecturer in botany, at the University of Alberta.

1942

Did you happen to read "Male Guest" in the September issue of the *New Liberty* magazine. None other than our own **Ron Jeffels** wrote it. Ron is now teaching French at U B C. and boasts one little girl.

1

1945

Besides being a mathematics instructor in Edmonton at the Correspondence School Branch, **T. Wm. Nordon** is chairman of the Interim Development Board which is the same as a

NEWS from the branches

Victoria

Another interesting note was received just prior to publication bringing us up-to-date on the activities of the Victoria branch of the alumni.

Judging from all accounts the membership on the island have established a pattern of meeting regularly and usually at one of the graduates' homes. Some business is mixed with the pleasure of getting together and novel program ideas are introduced. At the latest meeting, hosts Mr. and Mrs. John A. Turner delighted the group with a number of ex-

cellent wild-life films. Earlier in the program new members Seth and Betty Halton were introduced, and arrangements made to invite several other new graduates in and around Victoria to join the association.

Toronto

Early in the year your editor was asked by the Toronto branch of the alumni to enquire as to how they might best use a donation earmarked for the new Students' Union Building.

In the intervening months it was decided that a picture hung in the otherwise unadorned music room on the top floor might be the most

Town Planning Board, for the bustling town of Jasper Place on Edmonton's fringe.

1946

We hear through the grapevine that **D. J. Lubert** has received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Wisconsin, and has begun work in Montreal as chief chemist for the Canada Malting Co. Ltd. Their family now consists of two girls and one boy, John Howard, born July 28, 1952.

Leo Joseph Schumacher is employed by the Freyn Engineering Dept of Koppers Co. Inc., Chicago, Ill., where he is an electrical engineer working in all phases of the steel industry. Mr. Schumacher is married and has a one year old son.

1947

Zone 5 of the General Alumni Association is temporarily without a representative, Robb W. Wilson having left Stony Plain to move to Vancouver. The Wilson's new address, Apt. 3, 3825 W. 4th Ave.

We were very sorry to learn of your departure Robb. Best of luck in your new work with the Department of National Defence.

1949

Lyle K. Dunsmore records that his hair line is receding. "May be of no note to you but it is to me!"

W. O. Walker is now production supervisor of the St. Lawrence Starch Co., Port Credit, Ont.

Walter H. Worth is currently enrolled in the College of Education at the University of

Illinois under terms of an assistantship, whereby he works half-time for the university and spends the remainder of his time progressing towards a doctorate in elementary education.

1950

Since graduation **John M. Henry** has continued to work in Hamilton, Ont., with The Steel Co. of Canada doing electrical testing.

Dennis E. Watson has established a private practice in dentistry at Spiritwood, Sask.

On leave of absence from her teaching career **Margaret Ruth Crawford** is working in a large law firm in Vancouver, "to see what Vancouver winters are like compared to Edmonton's!"

John Zowtiak has worked for the Canadian Seismograph company since graduation and is now party manager.

1951

Horace F. Reynolds has been employed by Imperial Oil Ltd. (Production Department) since graduation.

This summer **Dr. Cecil James Marriott**, opened a practice in Bonnyville, Alberta, after spending a year participating in a children's dental programme, Carnduff, Saskatchewan.

A student in France for the 1951-52 year, **Margaret M. Sullivan** will remain on the continent as "assistante d'anglais" at the Normal School in Blois, France. Margaret had "a perfectly wonderful year" and is looking forward to enriching her experiences again in 1952-53.

appropriate.

A recent letter from branch secretary, Nellie Salamandick, states that the purchase has been made and the parcel is on its way. The problem, she explains, was to select a picture done by a well known Canadian artist and with a distinctly Ontario background. Their ultimate choice was Haines' "Islands in the Back Channel".

Montreal

A surprise visitor to the campus recently was Clarence S. Campbell, hockey mentor and registrar of the Montreal branch of the alumni. Clarence was out to visit his father, and during a brief tour of the Students' Union Building we gathered that a healthy condition prevails within the general alumni membership in the hustling seaport city.

"The Dents"

What it has to offer to the community and the administrative problems of the University, was the subject of an address by President Stewart at the annual meeting of the dental alumni association held in the early fall.

Attendance was far below expectations for the banquet event, and incoming president Dr. Dave Haworth, Calgary, spoke out at the lethargy in the dental association and called on those present to put forth their best efforts to remedy this condition. The secretary-treasurer's report revealed that of approximately 300 dental graduates only 54 were paid-up members of the association.

In his report outgoing president Dr. Faust Gowda urged that more active interest be taken in alumni branch activities, 17 units of which are scattered across Canada.

DECAY

The suave chinook's green scarf in flatted arc
It taut above the village roofs and stayed
By boles of congregated poplars stark
In chalky desuetude. Corn stalks arrayed
In brittle rags, bereft in shattered line,
Flaunt withered husks against a weathered byre.
A woman prunes and rakes dead wisps of vine
In melancholy rite onto a pyre
To end the summer's burning. (Waves of light
Wash husks and gaping pods and crisping sorrel,
Spines of weeds). Her dress is blue in flight
Before the ochre of decay. The whorl
Of seasons troubles, with its final-seeming,
The servant of this shining flow of being.

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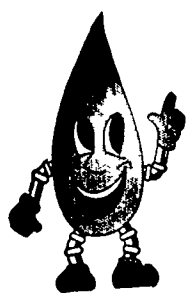


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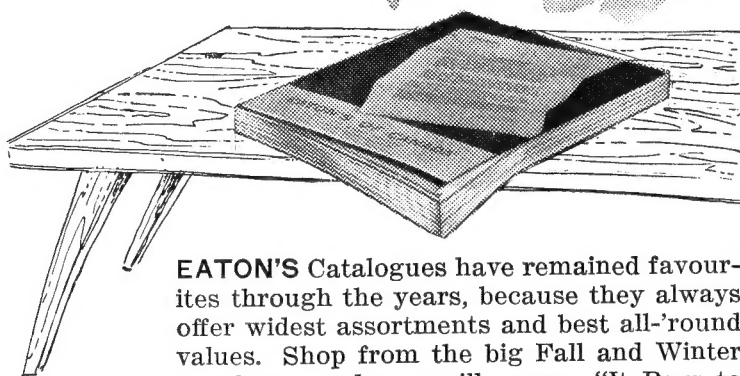
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The water-color subject for the front cover of this issue needs little introduction. The stark, angular frames of grain elevators dotting the platter-like prairie landscape are as commonplace to westerners as peas in a pod. However, our artist, Murray W. MacDonald, provides the same setting but in a different perspective. All the unornamented features are there, but the view is taken over undulating terrain and atop a third elevator set back and situated higher than the others.

The locale for this study, the third in a series of "Typical Alberta Scenes", is on the east line out of Edmonton, some few miles from the thriving town of Daysland.

Mr. MacDonald, A.A.S.A., has recently completed an exhibit of water-color paintings shown in the new Rutherford Library. The supervisor of art for Edmonton schools, he has also been a member of the teaching staff at the Banff School of Fine Arts for several summers.